

RELIGIOUS & PHILOSOPHICAL

\$8.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.]

Truth wears no mask, bows at no human shrine, seeks neither place nor applause; she only asks a hearing.

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S. B. JONES, PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR.

CHICAGO, DECEMBER 3, 1870.

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Original Poetry.

Written for the Religious Philosophical Journal.

LOVE.

By MRS. F. O. BITZER.

"I have come to think that love blights as many hearts as it bleeds."—Extract from the letter of a friend.

F. O. H.

Now thou doest err. Love breaks no heart; But like the sunlight on the earth, She giveth life to all she touches; She calleth death into birth.

When earthly vap'res hide her beams, The heart throbs sadly with its pain;

It only needs to touch a glib; To beat with sweetest joy again.

Love never wounds, or stings, or blights;

Her touches may be all of love;

Blessing is far immortal power,

The fruits of time may bear and chill;

Two summer leas of woe and grove,

But love's soft whisper turns them gloom;

No clothes them with her kiss of love.

Love never slays. Though scorned and spurned

She breaks no heart; but she is born;

She hath no master for her worth.

Revenge is the eyesore's bane;

Wrath is the curse; then comes the curse;

Love hath no curse; and with death;

Her every thought is truth and trust.

Love never betrays. The pilgrim's feet

In secret paths may travel far away;

And down the thorn path of time;

Long y' are may bind, madly stray;

But equal to the darkest sin;

The Christ within will ever prove;

More than a saint can prove;

A soul from its redeemer, Love.

Hate may distort and sour the brain;

But in the spirit will remain;

One spark of all glowing still;

When the darkened, reckless mind

To blindest darkness is control;

Soul Memory comes to mind;

The letters of the captive soul.

And lead it down the sunny way;

Of childhood's sweetest studies joy;

Where a dear mother day by day

Watched fondly o'er her darling boy;

Though now to vise he may appear;

For he is still the same, though prove;

That heaving sigh, that silent tear;

Sings from the quenchless fire of love.

Love never despairs. Herself the light

And life of all the world loves;

From her pure heart doth faith and hope

Immortal inspiration draw;

And never again can mother earth

In her bosom hold the dead;

Till through each vein she giveth birth

Unto her Savio., conscious Love.

Baltimore, Md.

PENNSYLVANIA.

More Spiritual Manifestations at Harrisburg, and Mechanicsburg.—Starling Test.

Communication from W. HARR.

HARRISBURG, Oct. 17th, 1870.—Now that the excitement is over, I have thought it a proper time to ask your kindness to publish the following—another extraordinary Spiritual manifestation. I had prepared this for publication immediately after it occurred, but deferred it on account of the great political excitement. I wish that some one competent writer than myself had witnessed these tests, and had the independence to publish them under his own name, although I have no doubt it will be read with considerable interest by many, and your numerous readers will not get tired reading accounts of these strange occurrences. The honest, liberal, justly popular party of community desire light. If these tests are what they purport to be from those who have passed from earth sphere into the Heavenly land, why should we expect to read here, or investigate. I have been urged to publish this by a number of the citizens of Mechanicsburg, and this vicinity, in your paper, & I say it is the most read. Now, Mr. E. H. or, before I relate what we witnessed with a number of as respectable and reliable gentlemen and persons in this community, I would say, it is not hard for those of us who love to go to church, to sit and hear ministers, professed good men, denounce all persons engaged in investigating those glorious gospel truths, as humbug, etc., and dare not reply! We believe and know it is God's cause we promulgate, and all opposition cannot stay its onward progress. We ask and invite all honest investigators after truth, to come see for themselves. Our circles are free for all without money, without price. On the evening of the 31st of August last, a number of persons being present in our circle, an Indian spirit placed in my hand a written communication. I opened the paper without reading, laid it on the table. Soon after the spirit picked it up, laid it in my hand, and said, "Read it privately." Next in turn I read it, and found it was for Mr. Breneman of Mechanicsburg. I kept it until the next Thursday, when Mr. B. came in my store. I handed it to him. Here it is—We got it for word.

HARRISBURG, Aug. 21st.

FAIRFIELD BRENEMAN.—When you start on your tour, be very careful that Miss—does not change her position in walking from the left side of the medium to the right. If you should by mistake change, you had better go home and start afresh. You may talk and be merry, the more the better. The boy, that is my boy (mean medium), need not be much influenced until coming near the place, then we must have harmony and quietness. Take hold of his hand; Breneman or Doctor, the right hand, and

misses—the left. Go where my boy goes, and all will be right. In next circle I will describe to you more minutely through Mr. Sifford (medium), who was the professor of the found while living upon earth. The walk is not a great one. It will benefit you to walk in the fresh air. Sunday morning at 5 o'clock, you may start from home. You must not feel as being moved; for I will tend to that. All will be right. Merely take a leisure walk. Follow my boy, and all will be well. Keep the found in your little circle. Do not tend to it. Harrington, they have more now than they are deserving of. We have a harmonious little German circle in the city of Harrisburg.

Mr. Breneman read it, and said:

"That is very strange."

I cautioned him to say not one word to Mr. Sifford, as we were promised a statement of the spirit through him. That alone would be a test.

Mechanicsburg is eight or nine miles from Harrisburg. Saturday afternoon a number of the friends, ladies and gentlemen, took the cars and went over to witness the test. It being the evening of our circle, we were in session. I did not go until later, when I drove over with another gentleman, in private conveyance. I got there after nine o'clock, and found Mr. Breneman's parlors crowded. They were in circle, and I knew I was there.

Patrick soon said, "My friends, it is time for you to go home and get your rest. As many of you as can be here in the morning and go with my boy, will be taken to the place where we shall find a test. Thinking of the diggings for treasure, on a former occasion, that I have published in your paper, I concluded it was best to be prepared. I said, 'Patrick, shall we take a pick and shovel along?'

He answered, "No: we don't want any this time."

After singing a hymn, the circle's closed.

[I would here remark, that at the circle in Harrisburg, Wednesday evening, 24th, after receiving Brother Breneman's communication, the spirit said we should take a young lady medium along.]

I asked Patrick if he could tell who buried or concealed the test we were going to get, and how long it had been buried.

He said he was told it belonged to one of General Washington's soldiers, an old man, who had put it away some time after the war of 1781. He would tell me about him, at another circle. "You will observe how this circle corresponds with Mr. Dilling's spirit statement."

Next morning, at five o'clock, a number met, the lady being present, following the medium, who was under influence—no one knowing where we were going. I kept as near his right side as I well could, walking over rough road—the lady to his left; followed about two miles down the railroad, until we came to R. C. Woods, when it commenced raining very fast; no one, meanwhile, having an umbrella.

He led us into the woods, about 200 yards from the road, through brush and bushes until he came to a partially decayed log or top of an old tree that had evidently been blown off for many years, as the stump stood about fifteen feet high. The top laying on the ground was hollow and rotten inside.

The medium's eyes were closed all the while.

He said, "Here it is." Several gentlemen commenced pulling out the rotten wood, when he said, "I see it is up here."

He then turned around, got on his knees, with his right hand reached up in the hollow top of the old tree, and pulled out the rotten wood; after which, to our astonishment, he handed to one of the gentlemen a leaden or zinc jar, in the form of an old Revolutionary weight, with top handle, such as none of the company had ever seen. We then cleaned off the leaden matter and started the medium being under control, and continued until we got to the town. Said we should meet in circle at 10 o'clock, and receive directions how to open the jaws of our success soon.

The jaws of the tree were closed all the while. The medium's eyes were closed all the while.

He said, "Here it is." Several gentlemen commenced pulling out the rotten wood, when he said, "I see it is up here."

He then turned around, got on his knees, with his right hand reached up in the hollow top of the old tree, and pulled out the rotten wood; after which, to our astonishment, he handed to one of the gentlemen a leaden or zinc jar, in the form of an old Revolutionary weight, with top handle, such as none of the company had ever seen. We then cleaned off the leaden matter and started the medium being under control, and continued until we got to the town. Said we should meet in circle at 10 o'clock, and receive directions how to open the jaws of the tree.

Mr. Thayer sat in full view of the audience, in broad light, and at such a distance from the instrument, as to be impossible to reach them, while if he moved his muscle, it could easily be seen, with one hand resting just within an aperture of a large plain cabinet, within which are placed the various musical instruments to be played upon, consisting of a large drum, several bells, a guitar, etc. These are used in a vigorous, wonderful manner by an invisible power, playing anything started by any one outside of the cabinet, accurately and perfectly.

Some two years since, my attention was called several times to the fact that in the adjoining county of Keene, a young medium for physical manifestations, Frank L. Thayer, was receiving most wonderful and tangible evidence of spirit power.

Last summer, the opportunity was presented in two public scenes, of witnessing these manifestations. They are among the best and most satisfactory that I have ever had the good fortune to witness.

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Everything being open to the most thorough investigation, and in view of the increasing and imperative demand for these manifestations from the large mass of unbelievers who are becoming alive to the fact that God yet lives and the Angel World is near, we trust that such mediums will receive generous and paying support from all the friends of truth.

It is high time, Bro. Jones, that the fear that mediums may make something peculiarly their gift, should be ruled out, and the fatality of the clerical exponents of a dead and dying Theology should be given to the demon-creators of a living religion.

Since the aforesaid public scenes, I have had the opportunity in my own home of again testing in the most thorough manner, Mr. Thayer's mediumship. He is an even way worthy of the confidence of the police; and Mr. E. G. Prestiss, the gentleman who accompanies him, in Keene county.

Mr. and Mrs. Jocelyn have been, for the last three months, meeting with good success among the public, in the use of the medium, including a large proportion of our orthodox friends. The Dr. and lady have rooms at the Hotel. Mrs. Munro has been speaking in the court house, once in three weeks (alternating with Dr. Jocelyn) to good acceptance for some time, and will continue so to speak for the present.

Harvey A. Jones.
Sycamore, Ill. Nov. 20th, 1870.

Read the advertisement of "Cosmology," by Geo. M. Ramsey, on fifth page.

SPIRITUALISM.

By Rev. Willard Spaulding.

Still another Remarkable Child.

Strange Manifestation—Startling Incidents—A communication.

Although spirit manifestations, and manifestations of spirit, are of daily occurrence all over the land, it might not be without interest to the readers of this JOURNAL to know something of a latent medium, who, during the last half year, has become highly developed, a child not yet three years old, and whose name shall be content to call Little Eddie, as he is too sensitive to stand out boldly before the ignorant and credulous public, and yet, probably ridiculing him.

Mr. Spaulding commenced his sermon by asking, "What is Spiritualism?" and went on to say that there are many things belonging to Spiritualism that are not peculiar to the belief, but originated with other religions.

He then explained the clerical strains of Spiritualism, and said that while he did not believe it embraced one fourth of the entire population of this country, as has been asserted, he did believe that this body he would not call them Christians, but numbered about 100,000,000, and also that in Sp. ritualism it stood to a very great extent in other countries. There were Spiritualists among the Christian Churches, and they were to be found in all classes of society. It was wrong, he said, to ridicule Spiritualism, as had been done by the religious and political press of this city. Sound argument was much better to subdue wrong impressions than ridicule, and the secular press should treat this religion (for it was religion) with kindness and reason.

We should criticise justly and separate the good from the bad; for he held there was good Spiritualism, either in a clerical or in a layman.

One good was that it prevented infidelity, and he related instances where it had established belief in the minds of unbelievers, when all other means had failed. One was that of an old man who had been a skeptic, but who, when he did great good, and did not wish to be thought dead, still would not shake off the belief that death ended every thing, and that there was no life beyond the grave. This man met a Spiritualist, and through Spiritual manifestations, was led to believe in future life, and is now happy in the hope of meeting his dear friends in the other world. There was, he claimed, example like this all over the world, where persons had been led to believe in a future life, by this means, and he thanked God for it.

The belief of Spiritualists as to the mode of existence in the world to come was then explained, and Mr. Spaulding asserted that it taught us that Heaven is omnipresent space—and that God works there in Heaven. He felt that spirits of departed friends visited us if they can. He liked to think of dear friends who were dead as near to him in the spirit sometimes; to think that they were not thousands of miles away. He didn't want any such distances to intervene, but wanted to live in a heaven nearer to us.

This faith, he claimed, is not peculiar to Spiritualism; it is Christianity. The Bible teaches us that to absent from the body, "is to be present with God," and this is all there is in death. He alluded to instances mentioned in the Bible where angels undubtably returned to the earth, and he could not believe in Gospel Spiritualism without believing in modern Spiritualism. If we do not believe the spiritual world is here, then we must return to the belief of purgatory, that when we die we lie in the grave for a time and then are raised up and taken to a long journey. He did not believe that he should die to everything and get into empty space, or that we die to things we love.

He believed to everything, to escape the knowledge of wrong doing. What we know of the mind we know of the spiritual world, for the mind is immortal and exists without change. If you know what your life is in this world, you know what it will be in the next, for we will be under the same laws and same spiritual God.

Men are beginning to entertain more rational ideas of Spiritualism, and many arguments against it had been proven to be unreasonable. B. cause there was wickedness in this world was not a sufficient reason for our becoming obnoxious to it after death. He would not be happy to bury his face in the sand, and become oblivious to everything, to escape the knowledge of wrong doing.

What we know of the mind we know of the spiritual world, for the mind is immortal and exists without change. If you know what your life is in this world, you know what it will be in the next, for we will be under the same laws and same spiritual God.

Spiritualism, he said, helps us to understand the future world, and it has prevented a great amount of superstition which Christianity could never have accomplished. The evangelical world was full of superstitions which had been taken out of hundreds of thousands by Spiritualism. It has also saved thousands of people from idolatry, and he thanked God for it. He didn't wonder that the evangelical world was alarmed at the growth of Spiritualism, for Spiritualism was undermining its foundations.

Cincinnati Star of the West.

The Kansas Commonwealth's, in commenting upon the remark of a railroad official that thousands of men were under his political control, says: "How rapidly the baseness of governing is degenerating into a broad farce, with great criminals for managers and clowns for actors. And this is a republic!"

Punchinello gives this dialogue: "Aping Author—Ah, you have read my essay? I hope the verdict is favorable. Editor—Yes, all right; acquitted on the ground of insanity."

Some ladies suffer dreadfully with the headache, and this causes their hair to fade. Nature's Hair Restorative is a sure remedy for the aches, and will restore the color of blanched, gray or faded hair. See advertisement.

French wants to know whether the Star makes well care so much for the Watch on the Rhine, now that they have got the great Bismarck clock.

Written for the *Relgio-Philosophical Journal*.

INNER LIFE.

History of Mark T.—Given through a well-known Medium.

Reported for the Journal by Mr. Morris Alexander.

I was born in Maine, in 1824. My father was a wealthy man, and a squire in the neighborhood. Being an only child, I had all the advantages which that time afforded, but being of a rambling disposition, I left my father's house at the age of fifteen.

Oh, foolish boy! How often in after years did I regret that fateful step taken in my youth. After rambling for several years through the Middle and Western States, and as I had only a very imperfect education, and could get into no business that would be profitable, I desire stronger than anything else took possession of me to see my old home and my father again. I thought of my uncle who resided in the eastern part of Maryland, whom I had never seen, only hearing of him from my father, he being my m. t. brother, and she had died in my childhood.

Oh, dear angel mother, if you had lived, perhaps your child would have made a better man! How often do I remember in the golden hours of my childhood, of my mother calling me to her side, and parting the curl from my throbbing temple, and tell me of the world above where she was soon going. I remember I cried. I was too young to realize what I was going to lose, but the thought of her leaving me was more than I could bear. One bright day in October, when the autumn leaves were falling, she went to sleep, Alas! it was the long sleep of death. She passed from this world, to the beautiful world above, where she is now the happiest of the happy. The next day we buried her in the maple grove, and all thoughts of that pale delicate woman passed from the household, except a word now and then from a thoughtful servant speaking of their dear good m'stress, for she was loved by every one.

My father was a stern, cold man, apparently caring little for anything but this world's goods. He seldom spoke of my uncle, but from reports I learned that he was a pious old Methodist. To his uncle I was determined to go in my trouble. I was at this time in Delaware, and having nothing to hinder me, I was soon on my journey.

After long search—for I did not know exactly the name of the place where he resided—I found my uncle in one of the rural localities, preaching to a small flock of willing listeners. My uncle was overjoyed to see me, the only child his dear sister Mary. But alas! the history of my impredience had reached their ears before I arrived, and I had another shock to bear. I learned from him that my father was dead; and before dying, he had discarded me, leaving all his property to a distant relative of his own.

My uncle then took me home with him, where I was made welcome by my aunt; but after supper I was very much surprised to see my dear aunt crying. I asked her what was the matter, and she said she fancied I looked like her own dear boy R.bert, who had died three years before. He was three years my senior, and as my uncle had been long in the same place, the people had become very much attached to R.bert, and my uncle was educating him to fill his place, but he was seized with a fever and taken off within three weeks notice.

That night I slept better than I had for the seven years that I had been rambling over the world. My delicate tastes often rebelled against the rude pallet I had been obliged to sleep on during my travels, and the vision of my mother, with her pure, sweet face, would before me, making a strange contrast with my own dark life since I had left home, and how many hours of my precious time I had lost at the gambling table, lying, cheating, doing indeed, everything that was mean and degrading; and I resolved from that moment to be a better man.

It was very easy to think of reforming there in that quiet and secluded place, with only pure and holy influences around me. My aunt loved me dearly, and was beginning to look on me as her own child. My uncle could not think I was a child of good and pure Christian parents, and he said father had treated me unkindly. But I knew the disposition of my father better than my uncle, and perhaps my disobedience had shortened his life.

This thought haunted me, and made me unhappy. At last, I became perfectly miserable. At every place I went, even while talking to my uncle and aunt, the sad face of my father would rise before me. If I attempted to read, a mist gathered red before my eyes, and in the printed page I could see nothing but the face of my father. Often in the night, I would wake from a troubled sleep, to find my father bending over me with his eyes full of tears. I had never seen him shed tears in his life, and slowly, beholding him would rise a shadowy form with one finger pointing upwards. I knew it was my mother. The vision was so real I knew it was not a dream, and springing from my bed, I would determine to throw myself at the feet of my father, and beg his forgiveness, when all at once the vision would vanish.

I thought I was going to lose my reason. At length, my fears came to such a pitch that I could endure it no longer. I went to my uncle, and gave him an account of my life for the past seven years, concealing nothing, although I expected he would despise me for my deceit.

My uncle was not a Spiritualist—indeed, I don't think he ever thought about Spiritualism—but he did not doubt for a moment that I had told all I said I had. He told me that my mother was polling to the lamb that was slain for my redemption, and begged me to throw myself at the feet of Jesus, and he would surely pardon my sins.

A revival was commencing in the little church of which my uncle was pastor. I went that night, gave my name to the church, and was the first one to kneel at the altar and offer my heart to God. Night after night I went, and while others were rejoicing in the love of God, I still prayed in vain. I felt that I could not live without I had my sins pardoned. Every one seemed to know how I was suffering, and the prayers offered up for the church for me seemed honorable employment.

I knew it was not right, but what did it matter? I had did it before, and I now had nothing to live for. Oh, how I longed for that pure holy influence that my mother had shed around me while I was trying to serve God. I thought if she would only come again and point out the way for me, how gladly I would follow! But I had only myself to rely on now, and the result was, when the train started for the city with my friend, I accompanied him. Oh, if I had only taken another direction, and gone home to my uncle, how much misery it would have

caused me! But you see I had formed the habit of roaming in my youth, and it was hard to break it from me. The first time I entered the gambling saloon of Philadelphia, I staked a small sum, and won again and again. I staked larger sums, becoming more and more excited, but came off victorious every time. To ward morning I went home with my pockets full of money.

This was the commencement of a life of dissipation, from which I never afterwards had power to free myself. As the winter advanced I became a noted gambler. M. st. of my friends knew better than to try to play with me, but I kept a sharp look out for strangers, rich Southern plasters, and gentlemen of the same profession as myself—coming from different parts of the state, to try their luck on a larger scale. To be sure they all went away crying "foul play," but what did I care so long as I was the lucky one?

But last I met my match in George Moore from New Orleans. He had followed the business for several years, and understood it perfectly. The first time I played with him I was encouraged by winning a large sum. I then staked a much larger amount, expecting to win that also, but imagine my disappointment to see him sweep it over to his side of the table. I played again and again, this king I would surely have better success; but at last daylight was about to go home a much poorer man than I came.

That morning, after drinking several glasses of wine, I fell into a sort of stupor, from which I did not awake until near evening. I started them of my experience, and all together, we thanked God. It seemed that a new life had been opened before me. I felt that I lived, and that my future must in some way make up for the past time I had lost. I began to look around to see what I could do.

I thought of studying medicine with Dr. Benson. He would willingly take me; but to this my uncle objected. He told me he thought I had been sent to him to fill Robert's place. Since I had come there, I had become very dear to him, and he would like me to study for the ministry, and, indeed, be all that Robert would have been, had God spared him a few years longer.

I consented readily enough, and it was fixed that I should go to the same school that Robert had been taken from. I thought then if I had stayed at home and been a good boy, I would now have had something to go on, but I did not grieve after anything my father had left, since he had pardoned me.

I will pass over my school days briefly. I was as happy as could be expected. I applied myself to my studies, and being a very intelligent scholar, I was soon the first in my class. The holy influence of something, I could not tell what, seemed always around me. Only once was I called home—when my aunt died. But as I looked at her sweet face in the coffin, I did not think death could be very terrible.

At the end of six years, I received my diploma with the highest honors. I returned home; and as my uncle was quite feeble, he resigned, and I took his place at once.

I was called a very ignorant preacher, and in those days a good preacher was appreciated. People used to come to hear my sermons. Even Sunday the church was overflowing. But the strangest thing to me was, that I always preached a different sermon from the one I had written, and afterwards I could not repeat a word of the sermon I had preached, and while others were asking me questions on my recent sermons, I was for a long time unable to comprehend what they meant.

About this time I married the daughter of Dr. —— of ——. I loved Ellen and she made me a good wife. I thought my happiness was now complete.

When Spiritualism broke out among the people, a great excitement prevailed. Men left their work to stand on the corner in the great hall of the wonderful things the table was doing; and as it afforded very interesting gossip, there were more ladies' tea parties made than ever. I did not believe in it, of course, and accordingly, the next Sunday, preached a very powerful sermon on the wickedness of superstition, and attributed it solely to the low and ignorant, without waiting to examine it, and finding out what it really was. Alas! I found it was not my mistake, and how much mischief I had gone, and how many souls I had set off the right track. The next time I attempted to preach, I found that one of my power was wasting. Every time, I became more and more convinced that something was wrong, and my faith began to waver. My wife about this time had a severe cold, which threw her into a quick consumption, and after we were buried, I felt I had nothing to live for. My uncle reasoned with me in vain. I thought God had tried me too severely—for, indeed, there was a God. I began to doubt even that, and before three weeks became a subject of that terrible calamity, Infidelity.

My health now began to fail. I felt something of the old feeling that had nearly driven me to take my life while striving to gain the favor of God, which I had won and cast indignantly from me. The old desire to ramble came over me again. I told my uncle that my health required a change of air, and begged him to set some one to fill my place while I went for a few weeks to the sea-side.

I started the next morning for a small place that I thought would be tolerably private. I awoke, then, my surprise to find every corner and nook filled with people who had become tired of city life, and instead of going to the more fashionable watering places, they had hunted up this or the way place to idle away the sultry summer months.

The gay scene for a while dispelled the gloom that had settled around me. I became intimate with some gentlemen of a very questionable character, but they were pleasant, and pleasure was what I was seeking. I had intended to remain only a few weeks, and then return to my uncle; but week after week passed, and no thought of going home entered my mind. I wondered that I ever could have been content so far out of the world, and among such dull every day people. The summer months passed swiftly; I doing no more harm than taking a glass of wine now and then, and loafing occasionally in a friendly game of cards.

Autumn began to advance, I found that I had nearly exhausted my means, and I must now go to work. I did that could not preach, and so I could do. I considered my options, and after consulting one of my chief cronies, he after putting on a long face, and looking at the floor for a minute and a half, advised me to return to my city, and try my luck at the card-table. I started at this idea. A minister of the Gospel—although now as infidel—could I be guilty of again becoming a gambler? I seriously reflected, and reasoned to myself that I would only gamble, until I could find some more honorable employment.

I knew it was not right, but what did it matter? I had did it before, and I now had nothing to live for. Oh, how I longed for that pure holy influence that my mother had shed around me while I was trying to serve God. I thought if she would only come again and point out the way for me, how gladly I would follow!

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But last I met my match in George Moore from New Orleans. He had followed the business for several years, and understood it perfectly. The first time I played with him I was encouraged by winning a large sum. I then staked a much larger amount, expecting to win that also, but imagine my disappointment to see him sweep it over to his side of the table. I played again and again, this king I would surely have better success; but at last daylight was about to go home a much poorer man than I came.

That morning, after drinking several glasses of wine, I fell into a sort of stupor, from which I did not awake until near evening. I started them of my experience, and all together, we thanked God. It seemed that a new life had been opened before me. I felt that I lived, and that my future must in some way make up for the past time I had lost. I began to look around to see what I could do.

I thought of studying medicine with Dr. Benson. He would willingly take me; but to this my uncle objected. He told me he thought I had been sent to him to fill Robert's place. Since I had come there, I had become very dear to him, and he would like me to study for the ministry, and, indeed, be all that Robert would have been, had God spared him a few years longer.

I consented readily enough, and it was fixed that I should go to the same school that Robert had been taken from. I thought then if I had stayed at home and been a good boy, I would now have had something to go on, but I did not grieve after anything my father had left, since he had pardoned me.

I will pass over my school days briefly. I was as happy as could be expected. I applied myself to my studies, and being a very intelligent scholar, I was soon the first in my class. The holy influence of something, I could not tell what, seemed always around me. Only once was I called home—when my aunt died. But as I looked at her sweet face in the coffin, I did not think death could be very terrible.

At the end of six years, I received my diploma with the highest honors. I returned home; and as my uncle was quite feeble, he resigned, and I took his place at once.

I was called a very ignorant preacher, and in those days a good preacher was appreciated. People used to come to hear my sermons. Even Sunday the church was overflowing. But the strangest thing to me was, that I always preached a different sermon from the one I had written, and afterwards I could not repeat a word of the sermon I had preached, and while others were asking me questions on my recent sermons, I was for a long time unable to comprehend what they meant.

About this time I married the daughter of Dr. —— of ——. I loved Ellen and she made me a good wife. I thought my happiness was now complete.

When Spiritualism broke out among the people, a great excitement prevailed. Men left their work to stand on the corner in the great hall of the wonderful things the table was doing; and as it afforded very interesting gossip, there were more ladies' tea parties made than ever. I did not believe in it, of course, and accordingly, the next Sunday, preached a very powerful sermon on the wickedness of superstition, and attributed it solely to the low and ignorant, without waiting to examine it, and finding out what it really was. Alas! I found it was not my mistake, and how much mischief I had gone, and how many souls I had set off the right track. The next time I attempted to preach, I found that one of my power was wasting. Every time, I became more and more convinced that something was wrong, and my faith began to waver. My wife about this time had a severe cold, which threw her into a quick consumption, and after we were buried, I felt I had nothing to live for. My uncle reasoned with me in vain. I thought God had tried me too severely—for, indeed, there was a God. I began to doubt even that, and before three weeks became a subject of that terrible calamity, Infidelity.

My health now began to fail. I felt something of the old feeling that had nearly driven me to take my life while striving to gain the favor of God, which I had won and cast indignantly from me. The old desire to ramble came over me again. I told my uncle that my health required a change of air, and begged him to set some one to fill my place while I went for a few weeks to the sea-side.

I started the next morning for a small place that I thought would be tolerably private. I awoke, then, my surprise to find every corner and nook filled with people who had become tired of city life, and instead of going to the more fashionable watering places, they had hunted up this or the way place to idle away the sultry summer months.

The gay scene for a while dispelled the gloom that had settled around me. I became intimate with some gentlemen of a very questionable character, but they were pleasant, and pleasure was what I was seeking. I had intended to remain only a few weeks, and then return to my uncle; but week after week passed, and no thought of going home entered my mind. I wondered that I ever could have been content so far out of the world, and among such dull every day people. The summer months passed swiftly; I doing no more harm than taking a glass of wine now and then, and loafing occasionally in a friendly game of cards.

Autumn began to advance, I found that I had nearly exhausted my means, and I must now go to work. I did that could not preach, and so I could do. I considered my options, and after consulting one of my chief cronies, he after putting on a long face, and looking at the floor for a minute and a half, advised me to return to my city, and try my luck at the card-table. I started at this idea. A minister of the Gospel—although now as infidel—could I be guilty of again becoming a gambler? I seriously reflected, and reasoned to myself that I would only gamble, until I could find some more honorable employment.

I knew it was not right, but what did it matter? I had did it before, and I now had nothing to live for. Oh, how I longed for that pure holy influence that my mother had shed around me while I was trying to serve God. I thought if she would only come again and point out the way for me, how gladly I would follow!

But I had only myself to rely on now, and the result was, when the train started for the city with my friend, I accompanied him. Oh, if I had only taken another direction, and gone home to my uncle, how much misery it would have

caused me! But you see I had formed the habit of roaming in my youth, and it was hard to break it from me. The first time I entered the gambling saloon of Philadelphia, I staked a small sum, and won again and again. I staked larger sums, becoming more and more excited, but came off victorious every time. To ward morning I went home with my pockets full of money.

This was the commencement of a life of dissipation, from which I never afterwards had power to free myself. As the winter advanced I became a noted gambler. M. st. of my friends knew better than to try to play with me, but I kept a sharp look out for strangers, rich Southern plasters, and gentlemen of the same profession as myself—coming from different parts of the state, to try their luck on a larger scale. To be sure they all went away crying "foul play," but what did I care so long as I was the lucky one?

But then went back to her bright home above, so far above me.

I then began to ask questions of the numerous persons around me, how long it would be before I could obtain my crown, and found it depended entirely upon myself and my own actions. Some had been trying to marry me, and I had been trying to marry others. I had been very poor, and I had been for the longest time in love with my mother, who was farther advanced than I.

She had imagined the sphere of which I had been a resident since my death to be bright and beautiful; it now seemed cold and cheerless, in comparison with the one which I had left.

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Original Essays.

Written for the Religio-Philosophical Journal.
MATTER AND MIND—EACH SELF-EXISTENT AND ETERNAL.

By Dr. H. H. Wheelock.

The Spiritual Philosopher should be ever ready to give a reason for the "hope that is in him," or, in other words, for the faith, and doctrine which he advocates; for the morning dawn of reason, instead of revelation, is now giving wisdom to mankind.

Many writers in the Spiritual Literature, are presenting beautiful theories respecting the true mode of life here, and the bright celestial life beyond the "river," but the philosophy thereof is not always as clearly expressed as might be.

To suggest a few thoughts to the young student in the Logic of Spiritualism, and the philosophy thereof, is the purpose of this short essay.

It is essential that the student in Spiritualism should look well to the predicates upon which to base his conclusions. It is equally essential also that each writer should present the fundamental law and principle in as plain and concise manner as possible, when giving lessons upon man's duty and destiny.

Before great strides in human wisdom can be made, man must be taught to think, and not so much to "feel." But let us proceed to our subject, which is Matter and Mind. We do not propose to exhaust this subject upon one sheet.

Words are used to express ideas, they do not always tell the precise truth. It is only in

words that we should make a distinction between matter and mind. Each are equal things; each are also self-existent and eternal; each are equally matter, or substance. The one we may see, the other is not visible; the other is more refined, other can be invisible, even pilot to that case of material like unto itself, which is called in our philosophy spirit; hence matter and mind, or matter and spirit, are both material in the sense above defined. Does not, then the two words, matter and mind, express the entirety of all things known to men or angels. Will the student of mental and physical ethics, please tell me what there is in the universe that is neither matter nor spirit in their comprehensive definition? Mind or spirit, then, may be considered for the sake of distinction, as the infinite invisible of substance; while matter is the infinite visible of substance; yet the existence of both are requisite to make an infinite whole.

Having now laid the foundation, let us commence the process of construction. By observation we perceive that these primitive elements, mind and matter, have both a specific and general mode of action, which we may call laws; that these laws may act separately or conjointly in both matter and mind.

Now, whence organic existence. Why, simply from a self-existent law inherent in mind and matter. The perpetual action of this law explains the phenomena of perpetual change that is ever occurring throughout the infinite empire of materiality. The union of rudimental and spiritual elements, must forever go on while it is still "ex."

The law then producing identity in self-existence and eternal, some forms of identity must from necessity forever.

It is by this immutable law that men and angels exist, that worlds take form and shape, and spirit itself assumes individuality and identity, and forever remains immaterial. The human world has already received the philosophical and demonstrable evidence that there is no such thing as annihilation, and it has also learned that Nature knows no such thing in space as a vacuum—the entirety of the universal is full of something—there is no break—no disconnection known in the infinite realm of existence.

Where, then, lies the inconsistency in saying that all worlds and systems of worlds; that all suns and systems of suns; that all planets and systems of planets; that all life and all systems of life, both in human and angel form, are perpetually swimming and moving forward and upward and onward, in the ever rolling sea of infinite intelligence and wisdom, forever nearing the heaven of absolute perfection, yet never reaching it.

The identity of rudimental forms may vary; but as before said, the law producing spirit identity being self-existent and immutable, and being perpetual in its action, and forever prevailing the great fountain of infinite spirit, the conclusion is inevitable that perceptual identity must be the result of perceptual law producing it. And the all spiritual forms that rise above the law of decomposition, must from necessity forever be. Faith, or no faith, the fact will remain the same.

But says the student, whence comes the law of mind or spirit telegraphing?

We answer: It is not self-evident that thought, divine thought or mind, is one infinite and undivided ocean, forever spreading and connecting the infinite whole! If so, the individualized finite mind has only to strike the key note of the infinite mind, and all the spirit, or mental worlds along the line of human thought instantly receive the roll-call, and are thrown in sweet mental rapport with each other by a law of necessity—by law immutable.

The only thing now that is wanting, is knowledge on the part of humanity, to interpret the meaning of celestial, and spiritual telegraph signals, so as to carry on one of the most enchanting and useful trades of earth, which is the commerce of spiritual ideas, and should be the property of all, but through fear of a long-tailed demon, which is now mostly confined to the Spiritualist.

How is telegraphing performed by the materialist? He thumbs the instrument in the terrestrial telegraph office, and sends forth the lightning to give his message, and all is well, and no one is hurt, and on the pulpit, the press and the forum, say "Amen."

But the Spiritualist (O vulgar name!) O horrid thought! Free love! The devil! He steps into the office of universal free thought, and manipulates the intelligent heart strings that girt the universe, and their pulsating vibrations reach the Sun, the Earth, and from thence to the throne of the Omnipotent. These spirit wires can have no terminus, but bark! from the Summer Land we have the sweet returning echo saying, "Friends of earth, we who were thy pilgrims once, are here. The laws of divinity reign, and we live—the elements producing mutual love are immortal—the social ties of earth can never end—the rudimental forming earth ever infolds into the spiritual—spiritual identity is the law of God—the union of worlds, and the union of blighted souls, are results flowing from heaven-born elements, for ever divine!"

Hear ye now the sweet voice along the celestial wire, saying, "Father behold thy smiling daughter;—she lives. Oh! Husband, thy bosom friend, thine earthly companion, whose form ye laid in the tomb, she lives and loves still. Oh! wife,—sacred name, him upon whose noble breast ye have often pillow'd your aching brow,—whose body ye have laid in the dust, Oh! I live—by laws immutable. I am immortal, and so art thou. Wait, only wait a little, the rising of the external casket, and we shall meet again where parting toiles shall be known no more."

O ye earth wandering millions, with towering sleepers pining heavenward, and yet say not, why ignore ye the communion of saints between the spheres. Why killst thou to day, as of old, the prophets and seers that we are daily sending unto thee. Why shut ye up your wooden temple against your angel saviors, whom we are sending forth to preach the living gospel of the hour; neither going in yourselves nor entering those that are entering to go in. Oh, your houses will be left unto you desolate, except ye return and do works that shall make the incoming revelations from the Summer Land. O who perceivest ye the doubts of men, that were cast forth as a seed between us and thee, thereby darkening the wisdom that would otherwise lead thee to the shining portals of celestial lights, and give thee to see the morning dawn of a brighter home, where angel faces may greet thee, where fate, led "Hell" will resolve itself into a beautiful garden of immortal flowers that shall bloom to fade no more. O materialist, thou God of flesh, ye must go to the shades. The Prussians will sound round thy city.

The gas will cause er long to burn, and darkness will yet be thy fate more than now; yet thou hast a resurrection. But blazed are they who receive and have part in the first resurrection; like unto the Spirit, for them will the second, and your road to paradise will be so wondrous deep and Tantalizing mud, that you will have a hard journey at best. Thus much from the Summer Land—the land of spirit, what think ye of it? Spirit is matter, and matter refuted is spirit in mind.

Matter and mind, the former subjective; the latter triumphant and thus endeth the first lesson.

UNRELIABILITY OF SPIRITUAL COMMUNICATIONS.

Letter from J. E. Potter.

Bro. JONES.—Much has been said of late through the various papers in regard to the unreliability of spirit communications, and especially by a spirit giving his name as J. S. Loveland, that communicates to the friends in San Francisco, Cal. He appears to be the chief accuser of other spirits' unreliability as regards their communications to earth.

He labors hard to impress upon us poor mortals the fact that other spirits that communicate, cannot be relied upon in their statements. As he does not class himself with the unreliable, but assumes to judge them, I conclude that he claims to be all right. Let us test the reliability of this spirit a little, and see if he is not caught in his own trap, and quite as securely, too, as he had hoped to catch others.

He testifies in regard to a Bible fact. Turn to the *Present Age* of November 5th, and read a communication from the spirit of W. F. Jameson, given at Princeton, Minnesota, in regard to the same subject. It is this: "Does the Bible teach that we are to eat the body of Jesus?"

Loveland in his communications says it is figurative; that is, we are not to take it as a literal thing.

Conditions favorable, W. F. Jameson takes control, and being somewhat surprised says:

"In my judgment, Brother Loveland is entirely wrong in his 'explanation.' 'Tales,' he says, 'proves that the best are liable to err.' But who furtur further questioning, will you give your reasons, friend Jameson, showing us wherein Loveland is mistaken?"

"Please turn to John, 6:43: 'I am the bread of life.'"

"Again, verse 51: 'I am the living bread which came down from heaven; if any eat of this bread, he shall live forever; and the bread that I will give is my flesh—not my words'."

Jameson says, "This declaration that they eat his flesh, made the Jews madder than ever. They strove among themselves, saying, 'How can this man give us his flesh to eat?'"

"Does Jesus even then say, 'Gentlemen, you misunderstand me. I do not mean what I say. You must make a great deal of allowance for our oriental language.' He makes no such explanations—nothing of the kind, but again repeats his statement in such emphatic and pointed language that none but a Protestant would torture a Catholic's figurative expression. He uses the word 'verily' twice. Verse 51 is equivalent to 'truly, certainly, absolutely.' Verse 55, I say, 'Verily, verily, I say unto you, except ye eat of the flesh of the son of man, and drink his blood, ye have no life in you.' Verse 55: 'Who eateth my flesh (or his words), and drinketh my blood, hath eternal life.' Verse 55: 'For my flesh is meat indeed, and my blood is drink indeed.'"

Somebody has said, "When doctors disagree, who shall decide?" When spirits disagree like the above, how can we rely upon what any spirit my say—both statements cannot be relied upon if we use our reason—one of them must fail.

Poor Marble was led to dig for treasures through a false or unreliable communication, and others have been led to dig for buried cities through the same unreliable source, and here, gentlemen, are people trying to gobble down the body of Jesus through advice from unreliable spirits. Where are we digging? Is there any safety in communicating with spirit; at all? Why, friends, see how very unreliable these things are. A circle is formed at San Francisco, and the spirit of J. S. Loveland announces his presence among them, and willingness to communicate. But before we can listen to him, Loveland gives us some evidence that you are foolish, for we have been greatly deceived in the past by with the spirits—they do not tell the truth, their communications are so unreliable that we never know when to believe them, and you are stranger to us—will you now tell us where you used to live, and what your business was. You say, "I used to live in Willimantic, Connecticut, where I took boats and jahokes—am engaged in some other business now, and lecture some on Spiritualism." They write and substantiate all you have said. If you are correct in this matter, they conclude you will be in every other.

Now, friend Loveland, we are glad to form your acquaintance. We feel that you mean to do us good. We can rely upon what you say, for we have tested you. We have been discussing the passage in John, where Jesus tells the Jews they must eat his body and drink his blood. Is this to be taken as a reality or not?

Spirit—I am glad you have brought this matter up. It is one that had not been well understood by mortals. As a spirit, I have given it a great deal of thought. You are not to receive that as real, but as a figure of speech. It would be impossible to eat the body of Jesus, for that has been disposed of long, long ago. You are to receive his words—that friends, is the correct rendering of that scripture.

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—Our client co-laborer, E. V. Wilson, has been in Cleveland, and the *American Spiritualist* speaks as follows of him, showing that tests are what the people want: "Our Society is being favored this month with the labors of this untiring worker. His straightforward presentation of the facts of Spiritualism; his excellent tests, are clearly within the comprehension of the masses. He is doing a good work here. The meetings are large. Seemingly, the axioms for tests are the same. Last evening the cause in the city—which is indeed the cause on Sunday—we heard him lecture. His text was, 'I wonder, and why do I wonder?' We presume he was not the only one that wondered, when he made the announcement. We felt the whole audience saying to itself, 'I wonder what he is going to say with his wonder?' and he had a long list of 'wonders,' as regards that. Telling up the great, fabulous, mystical story of the creation, the fall of man, etc., as recited in Genesis, he made it look too absurd, certainly, for the most devout to get up and sit with it afterwards. His description of G. d Almighty hating Adam in the Garden of Eden, was most ludicrous, and kept the audience in a tumult of merriment."

—Mrs. Brooks is a first class test and trance medium, and can be found at 145 Fourth Avenue, Clarendon.

—The cures performed through the mediumship of Mrs. A. H. Robinson, are as diversified as the ills which flesh is heir to. See a remarkable case recently cured, reported in this number of the *Journal*.

—Dr. Persons the healer is at the St. Nicholas Hotel, St. Louis. A. M. House gives the following statement in reference to a cure performed on himself: "I have been afflicted with chronic asthma for twelve years, getting worse continually until I was obliged to give up my profession. I was unable to take a full breath or endure smoke of any kind; also suffered for four years from sciatic rheumatism and neuritis. I called on Dr. Persons the 8th of November, and under his potent treatment of the disease, I was delivered from my malady, and I am like a new man; can breathe freely, even in the fumes of sulphur or tar, and my pains have all ceased. My profession is that of locomotive engineer, and I reside in Carondelet, on Quincy, between Main and Second streets."

—Our brother, Austin Kent, writes to us as follows: "The friend who published my tract, hoped to help me a little, temporarily. He has done this. I thank your patrons who have sent me a sum in their letters, asking for it."

Thomas Stanley actu. \$1.50

Mrs. A. M. Stone \$3.00

Mrs. F. A. Jordan \$3.00

F. Holcomb \$1.00

Total \$6.50

I should mail the tract to all who have addressed me if I was aware of their address, and will do so if they will write for it. I am desirous that it should be sent by all who have so far failed to gain the evidence that mind can and does exist out of our gross matter. So, if I will send it to all, I will do it to all. No one will send the address, if full, plainly given. Each person can send me money or not, as he or she shall feel able and disposed."

Brother Kent, as our readers well know, has been unfortunate. He is unable to help himself. He is truly an object of charity. You who are strong and healthy, remember him. Though crippled for life, he is a noble man, has a clear head and honest heart. From your abundance assist him, and the angel will bless you for it.

His address is Stockholm, N. Y.

—Mo. Hall is on the "sick of infidelity." A the Richmond Convention he acted hastily—indeed, so much so, that there is attendance felt paired at his course. A woman, Mrs. Moller, a perfect lady, came on the platform, and saved her arm, and it! there soon came there the name of Henry C. Wright, also another name. Mr. Hull thought her a humbug; he could cause the name to appear on his own arm; and talked so bold, arrogantly that he polled all the conditions required, and, of course, the manifestations could proceed no further. However, Mrs. Moller, in order to convince the gentleman of her truthfulness, invited him to her house, to test her, which he did, with the following results, as shown by his report: "The medium rolled up her sleeve, and we saw, I say, a hand, I did not doubt whether an arm or a hand, I say ever—she sign of an Odd Fellow. This was to me more convincing than if my request had been granted. Yes, Mrs. Moller, whom I do not regard as being a mountebank, is a genuine medium, a better one cannot easily be found. I am happy to be able to point to her as my personal representative, and I trust you will consider them, though they were unjust and brought many severe责 to an already overburdened heart, for I believe they will lead to such a scrutiny and vindication of her mediumship as she never could have had without it. My own hands shall take off the heavy yoke, and undo the burden which I have laid upon her."

—*Business*.

M'VICKER'S THEATRE.

Last two performances of J. H. McVicker, Saturday evening, and Saturday Matinee, Mr. McVicker will appear in Peter Pomeroy's brilliant three-act comedy of *Taking the Chances*. To conclude with a favorite farce. Monday, Edwin Adams, in his great specialty of *Esopus Arden*.

DEARSON THEATRE.

Manning's Minstrels. Grand Matinee this afternoon, and to-night, last two performances of the exciting Bill for this year, the very delightful *Mountain Men*. Miss Bell as My Dear. The great laughable burlesque sketch, *The Examination*; or, Scenes at Hush Medical College, introducing Bob Hart's famous Lecture on Anatomy, *Grat to the Mill*, *Trety Black-Eyed Kitty*, etc., etc. Soon will be produced, *The Trip around the World*.

ALEXIN'S MUSEUM.

This Saturday, November 26th, after seven in evening, Grand Matinee at half past two o'clock, doors open at one, fifty-five cents admitted. Two great Muses will be on the stage. The elegant *Debutantes*, A. Cap of Tea. Mr. Frank Alken as Mr. Charles. To conclude with the sensation drama, as played by the *Wise Men* company fifteen times, *Fool Play*. Mr. Frank Alken as Mr. Hazel.

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The Rosarium.

Reported expressly for the JOURNAL.

JESUS WAS A SAVIOR.

A Discourse delivered in the Free Church at Fort Huron, Mich., Nov. 6th, 1870.

BY REV. A. J. FISHBACK.

TEXT.

"Jesus made mistakes, got angry with an audience because they could not answer a question, destroyed a drove of swine, cursed a fig tree, because it did not produce figs out of season, urged men to hate their wives and children, overthrew the tables belonging to money-changers, and by violence drove the Jews out of their own meeting house—Mark 3: 5; 13; Matt. 21: 12, 19; Luke. 14: 36." "The Question Settled," page 39.

"The Jewish boy who came to teach Christianity towered far above such men as Plato and Shakespeare. When one, hedged in by such barriers as surrounded Jesus, soared so far beyond the highest culture of Athens and England, it is greater credulity to suppose him a mere man than to believe a higher influence than human intervention made him the bearer of a special message to the race. If in that age Jesus invented Christianity, the miracle he wroughts were nothing to the miracle he was." —Wendell Phillips.

Spiritualism comes not to condemn, but to explain and fulfill all things. In the Ministry of angels, we have the Keys of the Kingdom of God. The spiritual intercourse therefore unlocks the door of knowledge, and opens to us the treasures of the universe. No sinner is supernaturally precipitated upon the earth, and transformed into solid rock, that every perfect gift—every good thing cometh down from heaven.

Matter and mind is the grandest theme of the human mind.

What is mind? and whence cometh matter?

Mind is matter, and matter is mind. Who knoweth the circuit of matter? We take food into our stomachs, and it undergoes digestion; but who has followed its sublimated particles, in their long spiraling pathways, to the final destination? Have we penetrated the vast depths of matter? Have we discovered the boundary line between matter and mind? Do we know where earth leaves off, and heaven begins? or where man leaves off, and God begins? Is God in matter? Is God in man? Who is the Creator? Is the Creator in suns? Is the Creator in electricity? Is the Creator in air, water, etc., etc.? God is the Creator, and the Creator is everywhere. Heaven is the realm of mind, and mind is everywhere. Wherefore, all things come from mind, and return to mind again; or, in other words, all things come from heaven, and return to heaven again. I repeat it, heaven is the birth place of all earths, suns, and systems; of all minerals and vegetables; and of every living creature—everything that hath breath; and in the vast sweep of their existence, the highest heaven is the foci of their orbit.

Is anything finally and forever lost? Is any particle of matter ever lost? Can Almighty God lose himself? True, at first, the dust returns to the dust, and the spirit unto God who gave it; but after wards, behold, the dust returns to God also.

God is, as it were, a "great sheet let down from heaven" containing all things, and forever knit at the four corners by Almighty Power.

Who then can separate us from God? or, can we get out of God. In despite of all reasoning to the contrary, I am in that humanity—all humanity—united together with everything else, whether in form, immortal in God, and therefore, as safe in the nest as in the immortal hour, as safe at one time as at another.

What, then, is salvation? What is regeneration? We answer, there is a law of salvation, a principle of redemption inherent in Nature. And this law or principle is the imperceptible, infinite God. And, corresponding with this, there are personal beings, redeemed men and spirits, whom we call Saviors, and who are Saviors in a very high, pure, and beautiful sense.

Hence, salvation is progress, redemption; the chastisement of evil and sorrow, and the discipline of education.

Consequently, there is a sense in which all creation need salvation. By the law of progress, our earth is changing from worse to better, or, from lower to higher conditions. We see how minerals are dug out of the earth, and purified. We see how the dross is consumed, and the gold refined.

And behold how wide-spread and efficient are the redemptive agencies of agriculture, and horticulture. Special Saviors have been sent to the crab tree, the bitter almond, Indian potatoe, wheat, corn, etc., etc.

And the Animal Kingdom likewise has its b. educators.

And does not humanity need salvation? I insist upon it, every link in the vast chain of creation is subject to the law of progress, and capable of culture and refinement.

And thus, "every valley shall be filled, and every mountain shall be brought low; and the crooked shall be made straight, and the rough ways shall be made smooth; and all flesh shall see the salvation of God."

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In the name of God evil, may be a means to a good end. King David thought himself to be a God. And the people gave a shout, and said, "He's a God." And immediately the angel of the Lord smote him, because he gave not God the glory; and he was filled of worms, and ate up the gibbet.

And hereupon Sapphira fell dead at the spot her feet. And once upon a time, "a lying spirit went into the mouths of the medium."

And do we not know that, "when the angels wish to destroy, they first make mad." With these remarks, we come now to consider the language of our text. And in doing this, we ask only to present our subject according to our understanding, leaving every man to be fully persuaded in his own mind.

Our author says first, "Jesus made mistakes." Jesus did not claim absolute perfection, nor any other attainments which his brethren

"The mills of the gods grind slowly, But they grind exceedingly small." Wherefore, "blessed are the pure in heart; for God shall give his angels charge over them, to keep them in all his ways."

Two things are indispensable to a man's salvation: first, life; and, second, truth in his soul. Humanity is governed by law. By fixed law, we live, are moved, and have our being. Not but we are restrained from vice and crime outside of him, neither indeed outside of the divine agencies.

Again, we ask, who is a Savior? The answer is, one sent of God to impart life to our bodies, and truth to our minds; or, in other words, one moved by the Great Spirit to heal physical and moral diseases, and to teach the truths of human righteousness; hence ministering spirits are all saviors.

Nor is there any redemption for men without them. We are all links of one chain, and the link above is the R-deemer of the link below.

"For, ye are not all ministering spirits, sent forth to minister for them who shall be heirs of salvation." This is an eternal truth.

But, here, we observe, that the angels of heaven can, by the power of God, educate and ordain men upon the earth to be apostles and orators; and then send them into all the world to preach and demonstrate the gospel to every creature. Yes, they can do more than this: for, by their intervention saviors may be born.

We know that poets, mathematicians, musicians, editors, orators, statesmen, and so on, may be born; we know that persons predisposed to diseases of body, and vice of mind, may be born; and by this time, we ought to understand how a Savior can be born.

Now, it is my faith, that Jesus of Nazareth was a Savior; that, to this end, he was baptized before he was born; that he was born a savior; that his mother was a pure, lovely, God-like woman; that she was selected, by the angels; and finally, that Jesus himself was as lovely as the truth he uttered, and as noble as the mighty works he performed. It is my faith that angels did appear to the shepherds by night, saying, "Behold bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day in the city of David, a Savior which is Christ the Lord." I accept, and reverence this spiritual communication as coming directly from humanity, saviors in heaven.

I believe it. I hold the faith in God and man, and ministering angels between; and by these great, mighty, and wonderful supermundane agencies, I believe Jesus was born and ordained savior of men. Not, however, contrary to the fixed laws of the universe, but according to them, and by them. Nor did Jesus work outside of these laws, but by them.

5.—"Urged them to hate their wives and children."

And yet he was a great Savior, and wherefore? Jesus himself gives the reason as follows:

"The spirit of the Lord is upon me, because he hath anointed me to preach the gospel to the poor; he hath sent me to heal the broken-hearted, to preach deliverance to the captives, and recovering of sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised, to proclaim the acceptable year of the Lord."

And at a much later period in his history, when Governor Pilate asked him, what he had done, he answered, "My Kingdom is not of this world. If my servants fight, that I should not be delivered to the Jews; but now is my kingdom not of this world." Pilate therefore said unto him, Art thou a King? Jesus answered, Thou sayest I am a King. To this end was I born, for this cause came I into the world, that I should bear witness unto the truth. And every one that is of the truth, heareth my voice."

Luke 14: 26.—"If any man come to me, and hate not his father, and mother, and wife, and children, and brethren, and sisters, yea, and his own life also, he cannot be my disciple." Now, what does this passage mean? "How readest thou?" Words are signs of ideas. Ideas are signs of truths. Words have form. Ideas have form. But words are external and ideas internal forms of truth. Words are written symbols of truth, and ideas are psychometrical symbols of truth. No man hath seen a truth at any time without a symbol. All the objects of creation are symbols of truth. They are symbols of God. "No truth, is it God, can only be apprehended and comprehended by the sense and the intellects of the mind; the high gestures, sounds, words, pictures, objects of nature, and the like, together with all the ideal imagery of the intellect."

Nature is the perfect symbol of all thought.

Man is the perfect symbol of God! Our earth is a symbol of our life, hereafter.

Now, Jesus, perceiving the use of symbols, and the absolute necessity of definite objects for the mind to rest upon, when he made himself, in his verbal system of religion, a special symbol of truth, of a Savior, of a servant of God, of a Son of God, and of God himself. And as he was no impostor, but a real model of truth, therefore he did a wise thing in making himself a personal object of faith.

And when blasphemers said he was a devil, he answered, "Can a devil open the eyes of the blind?" Did he ever ask men to blindly believe what he said, but simply to see and understand what he did. He said, "The works that I do, they are my witness."

Now did he work in his own will, but in God's will. "Not my will, but thine be done," was his sublime exclamation. And when his disciples wished to know who should be the greatest in the kingdom of heaven, he set a little child in their midst. Nor was Jesus a blind leader of the blind. He performed his work methodically, systematically, scientifically.

No military chieftain ever planned a campaign more definitely, neither did any other chieftain ever do his part more gracefully, and every man he made was a victory. The great battle of life, which every man must fight all alone in the wilderness of his own brain, was bravely fought and won by Jesus in the brief space of forty days and nights; whereas it usually takes ordinary men and women, from forty to a hundred years to whip the devil out in this swampy, desolate wilderness.

But the Jewish boy, sent of God to be a Savior of men, made quick work of whipping Satan in the earth, appetite, and passions.

When Satan asked him to become a traitor, and a blotted, hateful, sectarian partisan, but a broad-hearted humanitarian. He went about doing good. He was a healer of physical and moral disease. With the power of God upon him, and the strengthening influence of ministering angels to sustain him, he removed the aches and pains from the bodies of men, dispelled the darkness from their minds, cleansed them from their sin, healed their broken hearts, and gave them joy and liberty.

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Who, then, is a Savior? We answer, the truth, is man's Savior. Truth, what is it? God is truth. Light is truth. Law is truth. The consistency of harmony of things is truth. Truth is the fixed relation of things. Pure knowledge is truth. Science is truth. Principles are truths, and facts are effects. If we cannot comprehend, surely we may apprehend the truth. For truth is universal; and works all in all. Now, salvation is emancipation and elevation, redemption is liberation. It opens prison doors. It opens the windows of the human mind, opens the hearts of men to desire, and to receive the good things the Father hath in store for them. Salvation is the illumination and cure of sinful men by God—light and power within them, and redemption is their elevation from lower to higher conditions by the ministry of angels. St. Peter was redeemed from prison by an angel, the prophet Daniel was saved from the lions by the power of an angel. Any one that is sent to do another good or evil is an angel. All men are angels.

And here let me say, that the great angels of God, made a wise use of all things, both good and evil, in their ministry unto the children of men. Therefore the wheat, pears, and nothings of men and angels, may use that which we call evil, for good purposes.

And thus, "every valley shall be filled, and every mountain shall be brought low; and the crooked shall be made straight, and the rough ways shall be made smooth; and all flesh shall see the salvation of God."

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Price-List Of Books.

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All orders by mail, with the price of books desired, and the additional amount mentioned in the following list of prices for postage, will meet with prompt attention.

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A Revelation of Departed Spirits among the Shakas.

Alice Vale, a Story for the Times, by Lois Weller.

American Crisis, by Warren Chase.

Answers to Questions Practical and Spiritual. Da-

vidson's New Testimony.

A Peep into Sacred Tradition, by Rev. Orrin Abbot.

Paper.

Age of the Devil, by J. C. Corbin.

A Woman's Secret. By Mrs. G. C. Corbin.

A Lecture in Abyssinia. The Past, Present and Future, by Mrs. F. A. Leavenworth.

Answers to Questions of History and Laws of Creation, Vol. 1, by Hudson Tuttle.

Arama of Nature, or the Philosophy of Spiritual

and Material Forces, and of the Spirit-World, Vol. 2, by Hudson Tuttle.

A B of Life, by A. E. Gould.

Archelaus or the Divine Guest, by A. J. Davis.

After Death, or Dissemination, by Randolph.

Apocalypse Unveiled, by Dr. D. W. Chapman.

Apostles, (translated from the French) by Renan.

A Stellar Key to the Sunland Land by A. J. Davis.

Atheological Logos, by Dr. D. W. Chapman.

Atheism, a Book for Children by H. G. Wright, small edition.

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Antiquity and Duration of the World by G. H. You-

min.

A Roman Lawyer in Jerusalem in the first century by W. W. Story.

Biography of Satan, by K. Gravet. Price 30 cents.

Better Views of Living, by A. E. Child.

Book of Life, a Poetic Work, by Hudson Tuttle.

Beyond the Breakers, a Tale of Village Life in the West, by Robert H. Green.

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Born Free, by Prof. F. Denton.

Course of Study, or the Course of Health, by A. E. Gardner.

Course of Study, or the Course of Health, by William Den-

ton.

Cosmology, by G. W. Ramsey, M. D.

Course in Human Physiology, by Dr. J. C. Corbin.

Crucifix in Heaven, by Thomas F. Clark.

Charter Family, or the Course of the Breaker's Appre-

hite, by Julia M. Friend, with an introduction by Dr. F. W. Chapman.

Christ and the Devil, by A. E. Child, M. D.

Christianity, its Influence of Civilization, and its

relation to Nature's Religion, by Caleb S. Weeks.

Christianity No Sinfulness or Spiritualistic Socie-

ty, by W. D. Denton.

Christian Brothers, their Remarkable and Interest-

ing History.

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Frontier Department.

E. V. Wilson's Appointments for December, 1870.

At Youngstown, Ohio, on Tuesday and Wednesday, November 29 and 30; b. 10 a.m. to 12 p.m., four lectures, commencing at seven o'clock in the evening.

At Cincinnati, Ohio, on Saturday, Sunday and Monday, December 3-4, 5; b. 10 a.m., 11th, 12th; b. 10 a.m. to 12 p.m., four evenings.

On Monday evenings we will give readings of character and descriptions of spirits, — such as may present themselves to us.

At Gahanna, Franklin County, O., on Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday, — the 6, 7, 8, and 9, — four lectures.

At New Castle, Pa., on Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and evening, Dec. 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15th and 16th.

At Crawfordsville, Indiana, on Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday, D. C. 20, 21, 22, and 23d.

Will be in Wheeling, West Virginia, on Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday, December 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, and 25th. The week day evening lectures will begin at half past seven o'clock, as soon as possible.

All lectures directed to us during December, 1870, should be in care of Charles H. Waters & Co., No. 1 and G Main street, Cincinnati, Ohio.

A Cure by Mrs. A. H. Robinson the Great Healing Medium.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Exeter, Iowa, September 16th, 1870.

Mrs. A. H. ROBINSON — You will find enclosed \$3.00 and a lock of my hair to give me an examination.

I think I must have strained myself inwardly in some way. My stomach hurts me so as to prevent me from working. 8 months ago I have not been able to work since. I have not even lost weight. When I was stacking my grain, but I do not think I hurt myself while I was. I am in good enough health, — appetite good, — but not able to work, or even walk without great pain in my bowels. Just beneath my ribs I have a feeling as if I had been running and was out of breath. I am over fifty-two years of age. I have been troubled with rheumatism in my right leg and ankle for some years past, but that does not alarm me like the pain in my bowels. One night I got up out of the bed, and it seemed as if all my internal organs came down to the bottom of my bowels. It made me perfectly powerless for some time. Will you give me your help to restore me?

Yours truly,
JAMES RICHARDSON.

REMARKS.

A diagnosis of the disease, with prescription and directions for treatment were sent him immediately on receipt of the above letter. Thirty-four days thereafter, the following letter from him was received by Mrs. Robinson.

Exeter, Iowa, October 20, 1870.

Mrs. A. H. ROBINSON — Dear Sister, I received your kind instructions for treatment of my complaint, and I followed your directions for two days, and the pain left me, and I went about my usual occupation. When I got excited over my work, the pain would return for a short time, but now it has not troubled me for some time. The rheumatism in my ankle has gone, and I am well and feel happy. I thank you and our spirit friends for the Almighty power which has made me whole. If you ever want to come to Iowa, we have a pleasant farm home here. You would be made welcome by me and my wife to stop just as long as you would like to. We would try and make you happy while here.

Yours truly,
JAMES RICHARDSON.

REMARKS.

Mrs. R. B. on's prescriptions are always given while she is under spirit control. The latent powers of the sick person's system are aroused into action by the use of the positive and negative principles in nature.

The Blasphemous Crow.

At a certain cross-roads in the State of Alabama, stood a small grocery or whisky shop, where "but-head" and "chain lightning" were dealt out to the thirsty customer at five cents a drink, or twenty-five cents a quart. The preceding genius of this delectable institution was one Bill Sikes, who, among various peccadilloes, had a doomsday crow, black as the ace of spades. This crow had learned among other things to repeat quite plainly the words, "damn you" which he, of course, heard frequently used in the grocery. During the prevalence of a knock-down and drag-out fight one day, however, the crow was frightened from home, and flew off to the woods never to return.

About three miles from the grocery was a settlement meeting house—an old tumble-down affair, only used on certain occasions, when a circuit rider came that way. In this building went the news, taking up valuable portions of the day, and two days thereafter, the church was thrown open to preaching, and a large crowd assembled, among whom was a very old lady, who was compelled to use her crutches in walking, who took her seat in the front pew, and was soon absorbed in the eloquence of the preacher. The reverend gentleman had scarcely got under full headway, and commenced thundering his anathemas at all grades of sinners, when a hoarse, croaking voice from above uttered the ominous words:

"Damn you!"

The preacher and congregation looked aghast at such profanity, and each peered into his neighbor's face in vain to detect some sign of guilt. Quiet was at length restored, however, and the sermon proceeded; but ten minutes elapsed, the ominous "damn you!" again electrified the audience, and just as the preacher cast his eyes upward to search for the delinquent, the crow flew down from his perch, and lighting upon the B-bird, calmly surveyed the terrified crowd and gave another doleful croak.

"Damn you!"

The editor was electrical. Giving one startled and surprised glance at the intruder, the preacher sprang from the window, carrying sash, glass, and all with him, and set off, at a break-neck pace through the woods, closely followed by his horror-stricken congregation, who had piled out of the building bell-staff after him. In the general scramble the old lady with the crutches had been knocked down in the church, where she lay, unable to rise; and on observing her, the crow, who was after something to eat, saw down beside her, and looking up at her, very knowingly, croaked out:

"Damn you!"

The old lady eyed him savagely for a few moments, and then burst forth in a tone of righteous defiance:

"Yes, and damn you too! I had nothing to do with getting up this old Methodist meeting—and you know it!"

The poor old woman had mistaken the crow for the devil, and, indeed, if possible, to propitiate his Satanic majesty by bringing all completeness in that affair. The world is full of just such people.

I am really afraid, my brother, that you are ignorant of spiritual things, or you would never have committed yourself to this paradox.

"They give God a prominent place in their the-ology."

"Not at all you, Brother Weller! We 've got no uniformity, — yet we all give God a prominent place in our theology. We are lairds," giving God a prominent place in our theogony. Do you know the meaning of the word *laird*?"

"If you do not, we refer you to Webster. We believe the word *laird* is derived from the word *lair*, which means a den or hole."

We hold that there is spirit inspiration in the Bible, but that it is not plainly inspired — you do — hence we are materialistic and infidels.

To be Continued.

THE BIBLE IN THE BALANCE.

A Book for the Age and the Times,
and one that should be in the hands of every liberal man and woman in the land.

You want it for your own instruction, that you may be furnished with acknowledged authority to meet the arguments of the theologian, historian, chronologist, and scientific man with his own weapons.

It discusses the matter of Bible canons, versions, translations and revisions with ability, citing none but authors in the highest repute, and those that are above criticism.

This book is printed in excellent style, 15 mo., on new type and new paper, with beautiful illustrations of the mounds and mound-ridges of the Mississippi Valley, and a fine portrait of Dr. M. W. Dickson, the great mound explorer.

It is substantially bound in cloth and contains three hundred and twenty pages.

The interest felt in the work is so great that orders were received for nearly all of the whole of the first edition before it was published, and many others having received or orders for over three hundred copies.

Price, \$1.50; postage, 20 cents.

THE TRADE SUPPLIED.

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These following are extracts from a few of the notices of Exeter Hall, the Theological Romance:

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"One of the most exciting romances of the day." — *Democrat's Magazine*, New York.

"Convincingly illustrative of the errors of Theology." — *Investigator*, Boston.

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Price, 60 cents. Postage, 4 cents.

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Spiritualists, Look to Your Interests.

Richmond, Ind., is a nice city of 15,000 inhabitants; has a fine library, a good newspaper, a society, a library, a society and a lyceum, and a hall, which is free of expense.

There is fair sale, b. a. p., a brick house containing 12 rooms, 25x40, with a room of land, 10x20, and 10x15; 12 acres of fruit, with brick house of seven acres, 20x30, barn, a ring, etc.; forty acres farm, 1 mile from Richmond; 26 acres of timber, 10x20, and some nice buildings.

15 acres adjoin Indianapolis, two brick houses, one frame house, and some vacant lots, also, 13x19 lots, some recently in Chicago, and some in Indianapolis. Indianapolis, 15 acres, a number of other properties have purchased. We are asking \$1000 to \$6000 in monthly payments; or one-third cash, the balance on

Years and unpaid demands in all the Western States. 22,000 acres of pine land; 10,000 acres of walnut land in Missouri, from \$2 to \$17 per acre. All of this can be sold in lots, or in parcels, as you desire.

For particulars, address, CAPTAIN CROCKER, Richmond, Ind., W. W. WATKINS, 187 Delaware street, or JACOB BLDG., Indianapolis.

Price, 60 cents. Postage, 4 cents.

For sale, wholesale and retail, by the Religio-Philosophical Publishing House, 187 & 189 South Clark Street, Chicago.

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Death and the After-Life.

EIGHT LECTURES ON THE SUMMER LAND.

By Andrew Jackson Davis.

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A Wonderful Discovery.

For Catarrh and Throat Diseases.

Dr. G. Newcomer's Specific

MAGNETIC REMEDY.

Sent by Mail, for \$1.00.

THREE DOLLARS' worth will cure the worst Case of Catarrh, and warranted.

Address 228 Superior St., Cleveland, Ohio.

Price, 15c. Postage, 2 cents.

PSYCHOMETRIC READINGS.

By sending a photograph of yourself to Annie M. Hall, Robert, Indiana, you will receive a minute description of the leading personal traits of your character, marked changes in past and future life, with advice with reference to the future, your physical and mental adaptation to the one with whom you contemplate marriage; with appropriate advice to the married, advice concerning business, terms for reading, \$1.00 and two thousand stamps, etc.

M. L. SHERMAN, M. D., Electric, Cleirogyn and Magnetic Physician, Treats all diseases upon the Positive and Negative Principle.

Will diagnose and prescribe for you at a distance, the reception of a lock of hair, a. s. s., ear, and toe of foot.

N. B. — Will break up all fers with one or two treatments, without medicine.

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[SINGLE COPIES EIGHT CENTS.]

CHICAGO, DECEMBER 10, 1870.

VOL. IX.—NO. 12.

Original Poetry.

Written for the Religious Philosophical Journal.

WORTH IS WEALTH.

BY ELIZA A. PITTINGER.

Worth is wealth! we hear it spoken
In the universal plan,
Whose sweet language bears a token
Of its harmony to man.
Worth is wealth! 'tis sung in heaven;
Worth is wealth, and wealth is worth;
To the gifted it is given,
Sing it sweetly to the earth.

Worth is wealth! I symbol seeketh
Better forms of faith to wear,
And the soul its mission speaketh
From the soul of its sphere.
Worth is wealth! behold the Maker
To the creature meets his need,
And crowns the joys of each partner
From the fulness of his need.

We are praying, we are groping,
In a way not wholly clear;
We are striving, we are hoping,
With a patient void of fear,
For that time whose glories bring us,
In their fast-approaching sands,
To those hallowed bonds that link us
With all Races, Laws and Lands!

Blessed age! with freedom beaming;
How the soul to blis aspires,
How it sings before the gleaming
Of thy kindling altar fires!
Blessed age! with peace advancing;
Let us chant thy choral songs,
As thy yellow rays are glancing—
Over sweet-revealing wings!

Age sublime! thrice happy freemen,
How the joys thrill my soul!
Together we sing of freedom,
Man's eternal resting goal!
Let our anthems fondly rever
In the light her deeds have won,
Till the soul proclaims its lev.,
Man with brother, sire with son!

Worth is wealth! we hear it spoken
In the universal plan,
Whose sweet language bears a token
Of supremest good to man!
Sing it sweetly, oh, ye children
Of a new and hallowed birth,
Whether in the highest heaven,
Or the lowest depths of earth!

The Last of the Sibyls.

[From the Overland Monthly for December.]

There lived in a remote street of Paris, last November, a woman aged ninety seven years. Her name was Adelie Le Normand. She was born in Aigrefeuille, in Normandy, in 1773. From 1791, never having been married, never associated with any other person in her peculiar vocation, never giving occasion for scandal, never but once subjected to riguous interrogatories at the *Palais de Justice*, she practised the art of Astrology and Palmistry for more than six years, having for patrons the celebrities of Europe, with a success unequalled since the Middle Ages. From the first she rose rapidly into note. Her study of algebra and astronomy, which she believed indispensable to her art, was incessant.

Once, indeed, she became involved in one of the countless plots for the liberation of Marie Antoinette from the Temple Prison, and was incarcerated in the Luxembourg; but she said her life was safe, and Raspail's fall leaving her unguillotined, showed that she had read the book of fate at least for herself as she did for others.

It was in the Luxembourg that she met J. de la Beaujardière, Josephine had once had her fortune told by an Owl woman in Martinique; she now had it done by Mademoiselle Le Normand. The black and white sibyls spelled her destinies alike. The guillotine's tooth was not on edge for her neck. Life and greatness were before her. And when, two years afterward, the Creole widow married the young artillery officer, and told him of her gifted prison companion, and of the dazzling promises of her own horoscope, he himself consulted Le Normand, and received from her lips the augury of the career he was destined to run—his elevation to the summit of power, fall, and death in exile. Whether induced by the thought that she who had predicted would not fail to endeavor to compass his downfall, or by other motives, from the day Napoleon I donned the imperial purple, he refused to see the Norman prophetess. It was at his suggestion that interrogatories were put to her, December 11, 1802, at the *Police de Justice* when, being present to explain an obscure answer she had given, she replied: "My answer is a problem, the solution of which I cannot tell you now, Sir, 1814." On that day the allientation entered Paris.

On the 28th of March, 1814, President Von Melle, as he was called—a Prussian diplomatist who sixty years ago played a considerable part in European affairs—was prevailed on by the following circumstance to visit Mademoiselle Le Normand. He was associated with Count Morio in remodeling the royal household of Westphalia. The busines necessitated frequent interviews at the house of the President. Every day, after the lapse of about an hour, the Count became uneasy, and showed anxiety to ascertain the fitting and return home. This

impatience was quite inexplicable to his colleague, who one day asked him the reason.

"My wife," replied Morio, "is in terror. If I am not to longer than a week."

"And why?" inquired Malchus.

"It is then related that the Countess had had her nativity once cast by Mademoiselle Le Normand, who had told her she would be maried three times. Her first husband would be a new acquaintance, a lover whose love she reciprocated, by whom her highest wish would be gratified—the prospect of motherhood. She would soon, after a fire, receive a distinguished guest in her house, and not long after lose her husband by a violent death. Morial a second time, she would return to her native country, where she would in a short time lose her second husband and marry a third.

"Come, *Mondeur le Ministre*," continued the Count, "do me the honor to accompany me home and see for yourself." Malchus complied, and found the C outes in a state of suff ring, which her husband had not at all exaggerated. When she learned that he had become acquainted with the ground of her apprehension, she said:

"You can judge, then, whether I have cause to tremble for my husband's life. In every other particular the prophecy has been verified. I did not know him not to be; our marriage was of love; I am likely to be me a mother; the fire has happened. Do you wonder when I feel that I am destined to my husband is now here?" The President did what he could to tranquillize the lady, assuring her that with him, at least, the Count was safe, and that one more meeting would terminate the butchery which had befallen her husband away from her.

The next day, Morio was with the President until eleven o'clock, and then rode out with the King. As they passed, on their return, through the royal mews, Morio was detained, and the King went on. On a sudden, a shot was fired. The C. unfeared it, and shrank back. "My husband is kill'd!" It was too true. A French farrier, whom Morio had discharged for drunkenness, had maliciously kill'd him.

It is occurrence made a deep impression on Malchus. When he arrived in Paris, shortly after, he heard the name of Le Normand everywhere. She had predicted to Murat that he would be a King; to a Spanish officer that one week from that day he would bear of his brother's death in Spain; to the Countess Bholz that she would marry a Prince of the blood; to Dr. Spengenberg, Queen's physician, that he would receive certain important news the day, and that two days after the messenger bringing it would be drawn—nd one knows not what besides. Every prediction was said to have proved true. Overjoyed by friends, the President visited the divinities. We translate his account from his own words:

"I was glad to find the street in which she lived one where I had never been. I put on a threadbare surcoat and shabby hat, and drove to her door. A little girl answered the bell. 'Can I see Mademoiselle Le Normand?' Not to day. 'Ask her when?' In a moment a large woman, advanced in years, with peculiar subtlety of eye, came to the hall, and, without speaking, put into my hands a card, on which was penciled, 'Samedi, trois heures, monsieur.' She hardly saw me half a second, and I had not opened my lips in her presence.

"Saturday came, and I was there in the same dress, punctually at three o'clock. As I was entering, a young woman, leaning upon the arm of an elderly man, passed out, nervously weeping. I ushered in, I took my seat by the side of a little table, Mademoiselle Le Normand being vis-à-vis, and laid down four napkins. She then asked me:

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Original Essays.

Written for the Relgio-Philosophical Journal.

MESMERISM OR ANIMAL MAGNETISM.

I.O.M.

By Wm. H. Fauststock.

There is scarcely a newspaper printed that does not contain some remarks in regard to mesmerism or animal magnetism, and it would seem to be as difficult to shake off the belief in it as it is to establish anything in its favor, and the more absurd the views entertained may be, the more tenaciously are such opinions held on to. It is not surprising, however, that those who have not examined it scientifically, should have erroneous notions of the various phenomena which are supposed to be the result of this hydra-headed phantom. But I am astonished to find that those who ought to know better, and who, upon other important matters have a superior acumen and judgment, still cling to this basest fabric or visionary *cosa*.

There are, however, many causes which have led even thinking minds to believe that such a field has an existence, and among the number are the false ideas propagated by Mesmer and his immediate followers, who took up his ideas, like many of the present day, without making the necessary experiments to prove whether his theory of the state was true or not.

In Mesmer's time, mystery was added to mystery, and superstition to bigotry, while appearances were taken for facts, until it was almost impossible to know whether there was any truth commingled with the falsehood.

The first experiments appointed by the French *Academy*, whom was Dr. Benjamin Franklin, by a series of well devised experiments, soon proved that animal magnetism had to exist in nature, and consequently could have no influence in producing the state usually ascribed to it.

A detailed account of these experiments can be found in Dr. H. de l'Examen du magnetisme animal; p. 1754, and ought to be read by every one who has a desire to have a true exposition of the facts.

The most unhappy and deceiving course, which has but the means of inducing many to believe in the existence of an animal magnetic fluid, is that of the experiments of Mesmer.

In this, we have no doubt, can persons say that the first great magnetic fluid, over so much as that I enabled them to throw persons into the "magnetic state," even at great distances, when there, apparently was no possibility that the subject could know anything about what they were doing or desiring at such a distance. For as far as I can see, had no doubt taken place, but it certainly was not done in the way that operators suppose it to have been effected.

Subjects, it is true, have, of course, failed into this condition at a distance, and at the very time that the so called operator may have willed or desiring them to do so, but this does not prove that they were willing to this, or that they, being circumstances, did not know what he willed, and making no resistance, let themselves fall into the condition in the same way that they had done before, when both were in the same room. It is therefore still true that subjects, being compelled, can have no time to think of their own mind, and can have no time to make no difference to clear minded persons, that can fall into the state at any moment, either according to his will, or contrary to it, and independent of him, if they should desire to do so.

The fact is the case, therefore, are, that being circumstanced, they can at any time or in any place, know the mind of the person who had them under his care, but they can also enter the state, and will themselves out, independent of his own, at any one, when they have been taught to know the condition and the capabilities of persons while in this state. This is the true secret of Mesmer's success, and partly for the love of truth, it will soon be found that the instructor has no power to produce this condition, or to influence subjects in any way, if they do not desire that he shall do so. But as it is true that the faculties of the brain can reach out to a distance, and that they can, may also be so, independent of their own location, because the functions of perception in the various organs necessary for that recognition, can act independent of the functions of consciousness in the same organs, and the fact of their doing so, may, and often has been ascribed to the influence of magnetism.

The principal argument in this has not only retarded the progress of the science, but has been the cause of all the ridicule, the opposition, and the mistakes which have taken place, and led those who believed in it, to depend upon its supposed virtue as a curative power, when they were depending upon a myth. Accordingly, some were led to believe that it was in direct proportion to the laying on of hands, but they unfortunately ascribed the cures which were made, to the effects of animal magnetism, instead of the true cause, viz., faith, or a belief that the means employed would have the desired effect. If the true nature of the condition were generally understood, the error would be easily detected, and the subject would be left to the advantage of the phenomena and powers natural to persons while in that condition, and especially so to divert the mind of patients while in that state, that they would resolve to forget their disease, or to be perfectly well when they should awake, at the time to which the condition which exists, can be compared in the affected parts when the subject is awake, that it will be impossible for pain, irritation, or inflammation to exist while the cure is being effected. Those who still cling to the scientific idea of a magnetic power in themselves, will either have to deny the mind reading and clear knowledge of their objects, or their own power to control them. Otherwise, they will be compelled to choose, can any one fail to choose the one that will lead to progress, and yield a thorough knowledge of the phenomena, and the capabilities of persons while in that condition, and which in the end, will enable them not only to act knowingly, but wisely and successfully.

Written for the Relgio-Philosophical Journal.

DR. UNDERHILL vs. FAUSTSTOCK.

Incidents in Connection with Magnetism and Clairvoyance

The more I see of Dr. Fauststock's labors, the better, I like him. His honesty and sincerity I never doubted. I confess, too, that I have not fully explained all his cases, which he thinks prove the no nervous or magnetic fluid—fogons—when I say magnetic fluid, I do not mean mineral but animal magnetism, which is the instrument by which we exert our will. If you ask what it is, I answer, it is in itself, what would answer the questions, what is light? what is electricity? what is galvanism? what is mineral magnetism? what is the "aroma" or aura given off by every living or substance in nature?

I believe it is imperceptible, and that the imperceptible is the instrument of the ponderous in nature, as has been claimed in my work on mesmerism. A characteristic of an imperceptible, never spoken of in our scientific books, is this:

A small quantity, like the leaves, or like the virus of smallpox, or the virus of the snake or scorpion, tends to make more of the same sort, so when it is infused into material substance for the purpose.

On the 15th of November, 1870, a good illustration of a similar nature, was given by Dr. Fauststock, who, in his lecture at the University of Michigan, gave a fixed crystal of all imperceptible substances. How many subtle facts beside this, attach to a full explanation of these imperceptible substances, I do not know. But here is enough to show that where a mesmerist has once established himself by touch or rapport by any means, the

patient may, at will, draw him off from his magnetic fluid, and, from a distance, so that they may unconsciously let rise to domination.

Very often say to a patient, "Take this magnetized article, and any time you wish, fix your eyes upon it, — the time you wish, sleep, and you will go to sleep, and awake at the time you set."

Thus to sleep at my lecture in Bloomington, the next morning thinking of me" he went to sleep, and the efforts of his brother to awake him failed. He was seven miles from me. Very soon for me. As soon as I was in the room with him, he rushed to me, and I only asked him, "What is the matter?" he said, "I was taken for a disease, who informed me, one day that every night in her natural sleep, she went into the magnetic state, and that she received it from me. Of this, in her normal condition, she remembered nothing." When she informed me she was in the clairvoyant state, she said:

"Don't you stop it by forbidding it?"

"Oh, yes."

I told the cases of insensibility of parts when waked up, are so many results of the operator, mainly through this agent of the will.

He said that together with who mutually love each other, when have a desire in magnetic sleep in fourth, fifth, or sixth degree, with, in my experience, no one part in rapport, they are dead to all but me. Now I mesmerize a glass of water of which the subject drinks a portion, let any one take a sip of that water, and they will hear the rattling of the clairvoyant glass.

When my clairvoyants take the hand of a stranger to look in him, it has often occurred that the clairvoyant has said, when I had no idea of it:

"Doctor, Mr. —'s body is all dark. I can't see a bit in it."

Instantly I seize his other hand, and lock through him to the patient, who after a minute says:

"That will do Doctor; I can see well enough now."

The word imagination has no fixed meaning—cannot be used in either a here or means any thing, except in the sense of the word, "force of an idea."

A person can do much that the magnetizer tells them that they can. The telling links his power to them.

B. UNDERHILL, M. D.

Franklin Grove, Ill., September 20th, 1870.

Written for the Relgio-Philosophical Journal.

The Hollow Globe Theory.

Our friend and brother who recently put out a work to defend his theory that the inferior of this earth is inhabited, not by spirits of the damned but by physical beings, etc., writes us a spicy and peppery letter about our slight notice of his theory and the work, and feels sure that we do not know that it is not the first in the center of the earth. He has, however, not given us any facts to support his claim, and we are compelled to let him go.

Our friend is, no doubt, honest, but his theory is certainly, to our mind, no nearer the truth than that of the Advent brethren, who expect to have the old world burned into purification to fit it for the true saints, who are only the few who believe as they do on this subject.—*Banner of Light.*

Brother Jones:—I perceive the Western Editor of the *Banner of Light* is still exercised concerning the Hollow Globe theory, and is out with a longer length article in his department of that paper, in which he says some things that seem to require notice and correction.

First, he has never said the interior surface is inhabited by human beings, either damned or otherwise.

Second, we do not set aside one of the facts of geology, but we do disprove very many inferences and opinions held by geologists and scientific men.

Thirdly, there is not one particle of subterranean evidence in existence proving that a metallic auger would melt or being bored into the earth to any distance, even if it should reach through the crust that is talked of by the advocates of the hollow globe theory.

Fourthly, the well at St. Louis, of which our friend seems to know so little, not only did not show an increase of heat for the last few feet, but, on the contrary, it did show a decrease of heat of two degrees, below three thousand feet, sufficient to reduce the temperature to zero in eight miles distance.

Fifth, the well at Franklin, and the corroborative evidence of a subterranean character, that an auger would pass through the warm stratum and into the cold, and finally reach the most frozen negative inactive material, just such as an intelligent mechanic would place as a foundation for any superstructure, instead of heated, positive, active materials that would be likely to explode or produce disastrous effects at any moment.

Our friend has fallen into the common error of forming opinions, and arriving at conclusions upon a series of which he is totally ignorant, and seems to have an idea that nature has already revealed all her secrets; that there is nothing more to be learned, and that the theories arrived at by the present race of liberal philosophers, are absolute truths. Now, that is not the case.

Our friend has, however, to deny the mind reading and clear knowledge of their objects, or their own power to control them. Otherwise, he will be compelled to choose, can any one fail to choose the one that will lead to progress, and yield a thorough knowledge of the phenomena, and the capabilities of persons while in that condition, and which in the end, will enable them not only to act knowingly, but wisely and successfully.

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On the 15th of November, 1870, a good illustration of a similar nature, was given by Dr. Fauststock, who, in his lecture at the University of Michigan, gave a fixed crystal of all imperceptible substances.

The more I see of Dr. Fauststock's labors, the better, I like him. His honesty and sincerity I never doubted. I confess, too, that I have not fully explained all his cases, which he thinks prove the no nervous or magnetic fluid—fogons—when I say magnetic fluid, I do not mean mineral but animal magnetism, which is the instrument by which we exert our will. If you ask what it is, I answer, it is in itself, what would answer the questions, what is light? what is electricity? what is galvanism? what is mineral magnetism? what is the "aroma" or aura given off by every living or substance in nature?

A late number of "Human Nature," says:

"From a number of correspondents, which have appeared in our columns, our readers are now somewhat familiar with the manifestations of painting, performed through the mediumship of Mr. David Dugay," Glasgo. He continues to paint in the frame pictures superior to any which he has yet produced, but quite a new and astounding feature is the power of painting in the dark. "We are to paintings done direct by the spirit, a most instant, sure, while the medium sits quite in the dark. We are present in company with Miss Mary Wooderson London, Mr. Nabat and Mr. Nicolson, Glasgow, on the evening of October 1st, 1870, when the phenomena occurred. The card was of ordinary paper, and was placed on the table with prepared paints and brushes. The light was turned out, and in less than thirty seconds, when the light was struck, a landscape painted in oil colors was drawn in the center of the card. It was about the size of a man's hand, finger, and the card stood between to advantage. A man was flying in the air. At other card was identified and placed on the table, as a picture the size of the thumb nail, was produced in less than forty seconds. In both cases, the picture occupies exactly the center of the card. There could be no doubt of the picture being produced than there by a direct spirit stroke, as the hand was wet, and the medium, in deep trance, placed his right hand into Mr. Nicolson's left while the light was out. Another attempt was made, and a full length portrait of a Persian spirit, who is familiar at the circle, was done in two minutes. It occupied the whole card, and presented abundant evidence of the power of the spirit. Miss Mary Wooderson's clairvoyance testifies to the fact that she saw the spirit, Jan Stein, performing the work of producing the picture. The colors seemed to be transferred to the card instantaneously by one action of each brush. After which the card was handed to the circle, and the card was passed around the table for inspection to be struck. The clairvoyant also saw the shady form of the Persian standing for a few moments. As we are just going to press, full particulars of this wonderful transaction may be found in the *Medium*. As soon as these spirit pictures are dry, they will be exhibited at the Progressive Library. This will likely occur at the next Thursday Evening Session of this month."

In regard to spirit and matter, Tyndall's view is that of Andrew Jackson Davis, enunciated upwards of twenty years ago. Spiritual philosophy knows nothing of the "spheres" and "solitudes" alluded to. Spirit and matter are the opposite poles of the same existence; they must, therefore, present the most striking contrast in the universe. The greater the spirit, the more perfectly can spirit manifest its inherent properties through its spiritual plane. But modern science, i.e., Spiritualism, has discovered that there are grades of matter much more congenial to the manifestation of spirit than the matter known to chemists; hence terrestrial matter is conventionally termed "gross," when compared with these higher forms of existence.

—Mr. J. L. Potter, of Mincoset, makes the following report: "I have visited during November the following places—Lewiston, Hampton, Farmington, and my own Elizabethtown's School House, Morrisons, etc. I have delivered in all eighteen lectures; receiving, in collections and dues from students, \$31.02. Expenses have been, \$1.10. Number joining Association, etc. I shall visit during December, Wilton, Aurora, Shell Rock, Lynd and Austin, Florida; will be notified in season to make arrangements for meetings. Let us all be on the alert. Our cause is to stand upon our path,—it is cowardly hand she is stabbing in the dark, and undressed cover of Christ's love, that means—give up your Spiritualism, or I will ruin your reputation among men. The Brother Jones is the motto. But we have nothing to do with them, and by reading their papers we hold a hold to them. We are in world and dead—attack them, like men, not like dogs. I make no comparison with theology in any shape. All of which is submitted to the Spiritualists of Minnesota."

—Mrs. Addie L. Ballou has been lecturing to crowded houses at Urbana and Champaign, Ill. Her eloquent appeals in behalf of Spiritualism, are causing the dry bones of old theology to totter somewhat. Her permanent address is in care of the JOURNAL.

—See advertisement of Hon. Thomas H. Bowditch's new book, "God dealing with man."

—A. P. Bowman has entered the field of active labor again. He is a "picky" writer, and we have no doubt is well qualified to entertain an audience. His address for the month is: Utica, Mich., care of M. B. Sheets.

—Platt Blum, of Mt. Morris, Ill., informs us that Dr. E. B. Wheeler has been lecturing at that town, and that he did a good work for the cause. —Look out for the new and elegant edition of "The Voices," the most popular book of Poems now published. We shall soon have a supply.

—Mrs. Bell A. Chamberlain will soon visit Concord, Pine Bend and Stillwater, Minnesota, and then will take a tour through Wisconsin.

—Mrs. M. M. Weeks has taken rooms at 137 22d street. She is an excellent trance and test medium.

—Mrs. M. L. Sherman is an excellent psychometrist. She seems to come in rapport with the "soul of things" and read therefrom the life-lines that are presented to her. See her advertisement in another column.

MUSEUMS.

DEARBORN THEATRE.

—"Mansion's Minstrels." Mac-Maize this afternoon at 2 o'clock, Dec. 1st. Last night a famous and brilliant company for this month. The very laughable little sketch, with its extraordinary fire scene, "Ten Nights in a Bar room." The extraordinary burlesque, "Minces Mac's 'My Dear,'" The travelling turle who sang, "The Hambled Paws stop." The last night of "D. N. I. was gone." Next Monday, everything entirely new. Will soon be produced, "Ir p around the world."

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.

—Marie Socha. At night of the great grand opening night, this Saturday evening, December 3d, after many weeks' preparation—Shakespeare's "Romeo and Juliet," with Maria Leuzbach as Juliet, and Mathilde Veneta as Romeo.

MICHIGAN'S THEATRE.

—The popular actor, Mr. Edwin Adams, is at this popular place of resort, Saturday Matinee and night, known Arden, etc. 6d. 3d. 2d. The theatre is open to the public, and will remain open until further notice. Seats can be secured for six weeks. In preparation, Mr. Adam's new play, written by John Brougham, Esq., entitled "Hon."

ARMENIAN MUSEUM.

Saturday, Dec. 3d, grand Matinee at half past two; evening, at seven o'clock and forty-five minutes. A monster ball, comedy and drama. Fortunately last performance of the "Two Boys." To conclude with a curtain and evening, the powerful drama, "It's never too Late to Mend." Monday, "Mac and Wile."

FAIRWALL HALL.

—Y. M. C. A. "Six popular lectures on Natural Science. Opening lecture, Thursday evening, Dec. 4th, Dr. A. J. Ebel, "Our World, its History and Life." A bird's eye glance at ancient and modern life. Friday evening, Dr. A. J. Ebel, "Our World, etc., the life of the sea, Land and Air; Man's Place in Nature." Both lectures illustrated by free-hand drawings. Tickets to choose, single person, 50¢; gentleman and lady, 85¢. Admission to single lecture, 50 cents, with reserved seat. For sale at box office.

Philadelphia Department.

BY H. T. CHILD, M. D.

Subscription will be received, and papers may be obtained at wholesale or retail, at 634 Race street, Philadelphia.

The Sixth Sense.

Intuition.

Emma Harting, in one of her lectures, which will, in due time, reach our readers, says that, in the realms of spirit life, there is a sixth sense. We think it is a beautiful blending of all the senses into what constitutes a real perception.

—A picture on the external plane, is the result of the action of one or more of the senses. Intuition flows spontaneously and naturally into the soul, as it becomes unfolded upon any particular plane.

We have seen spirits moving through space in various directions, and have noticed that the lines of their course were wave-like, and they passed out of a right line, when they approached certain objects, although they did not appear to recognize them, because they were upon different planes of development, either higher or lower, and there was nothing in them to attract the moving spirit. Then again we have noticed that spirits were attracted with great rapidity, and over vast distances, to other spirits, and that, at once, perceived not only their presence, but their actual condition. This, we suppose, was accomplished by means of the sixth sense referred to. This is not, however, confined to the spiritual spheres, although its unfoldings may be general here as to leave doubt, in some minds, of its existence.

The intuitions of the human soul are the germs of this sixth sense, and it is used by those who cannot perceive these to deny their existence.

It is no more modest or proper for the blind to admit the existence of light, which their imperfect organs cannot perceive, than it is for those unfortunate beings who have no perception of intuition, to themselves admit it is other. We believe intuitions are in some way connected with a fine development of the soul, so that it is the soul which leads out without the senses, and beyond the power of the body. It has experienced the fullest and most perfect use of them. We know that organic condition has much to do with the intuitions, and the fitness of man's organization has much to do with his superior intuitions.

We accept the proposition of Mrs. Hardinge, that there is a sixth sense, in the spheres, and think the time is not very far distant, when we shall recognize it also.

Intuition is not new. All the higher inspirations that the world has ever received have come through this.

The poets and prophets, seers and sibyls in all ages, have been intuitive. The five senses perceive everything that we realize upon the external plane, from the material side. The intuitions receive inspirations from the interior essences of these external objects from the spiritual side, and when both are combined, give us the fullest knowledge that can be obtained. It is to the intuitions, added by the reason, that we are indebted for our knowledge of the principles, which result in all the operations of Nature in the material world around us. This power of intuition belongs to the interior or soul nature, and is always hampered by the physical conditions of earth.

Still there are many in whom the intuitions are sufficiently developed to prove its existence beyond all possibility. I doubt.

It is made of operation may be a cure. All perception is in the soul, and whenever one or more of the external senses bring an impression to this central seat, it is converted into knowledge.

Intuition is the action of this same central power, independent of the physical senses, and even of the physical organization, it is the power of perception, without the aid of the changes which are ordinarily considered as normal.

It is a subject of vast importance, both here and elsewhere. It is the "royal road" to knowledge that has been so often denied.

The high road over which the five senses are compelled to pass through material forms, may never be abandoned by mortals in the forum. But it is very pleasant to be able to realize with Brother T. L. Harris, that while, "Memory is a patient camel, bearing huge burdens over such deserts, intuition is a bird of Peacock, drinking in the aroma of celestial flowers."

Memory requires labor, often painful effort, and leaves a consciousness of its imperfection.

Intuition flows, beautifully and spontaneously, into the soul, and though we may be conscious that it is not perfect, it opens the flower gardens of celestial light and love, and fills the soul with calm and serene peace and hope.

Some are not yet depicted all this in the faded Garden of Eden; and mankind have ever found that when they forsook this fountain of living truth, and lewd out unto themselves clusters of knowledge through the material senses alone, they were broken clusters that really hold none of the waters of eternal life; for these come only to us through the divine intuitions of our nature,—though they may often require to be practicalized by the knowledge that comes through the material d senses.

They are, nevertheless, the essentials of the highest and most important truths that come to us.

Let us, therefore, cultivate this sixth sense,

—honor and give heed to it as the most important of all the divine gifts bestowed by an all-loving Parent; the key that unlocks the doors to the glorious Mind, in our Father's House, and let us be thankful that this key is placed within the reach of Oxf's children in this life.

A New Dictionary.

During a debate in our city, Dr. Pease asserted that if the Spiritualists were allowed to go on we should need a new dictionary, —that our efforts to create new words, and change the meaning of so many old ones, that our existing dictionaries will scarcely answer. We accept this assertion —not, however, as a charge against Spiritualism, for we consider it a compliment. Language is the means of expressing our ideas, and whether it be true as Max Muller believes, that it has a physical basis and origin, as chemist or geology, and is only discovered by man, or whether it be as most persons have supposed, an invention of man, to meet certain demands as they arise in his progress, it certainly varies very much with the condition of these who use it. We are most interested in the English language—our mother tongue, and although we are aware that it has many imperfections, especially in its orthography, so much so that no scholar will dare to pronounce a new word by its spelling, or spell it by its pronunciation; yet it is among the most comprehensive languages by its wonderful power of absorbing and adopting words from almost all other languages, so that, with all its faults, it has a comprehensiveness and a

literature which must command it in the schools of the world.

Language, both written and spoken, is always an index of the condition of humanity. A community of materialists will have a materialistic language; one of Spiritualists will have a language adapted to their needs. In war time, language becomes exceedingly illiterate, and men are continually changing their basis of action, though they may fight it out on that line.

We are conscious that Spiritualists have added some new words, but there is a law in regard to this that unless they are really appropriate, they die out. It has also introduced many words from other languages, and a similar rule holds here—they can only remain if they prove themselves worthy.

But the most important work of Spiritualism in this direction, has been to give new significance, and more profound meaning to many old words. Spiritualistic language is symbolic, and in all ages and countries, this has been noted, and the deep meaning of these symbols has only been revealed as man's ritual was unfolded.

It is the work of Spiritualism to extend language so as to meet the demands of the age, and there is greater necessity for a pure and well defined language in which the soul utterances of the race, as well as the higher and more refined intellectual powers, may find the means of expression.

The physical nature and wants are evidently the first to find expression in language. Then follows the spiritual nature, and these have gloried in the beauty and power of expressing and transmitting their ideas upon their own plane,—so the spiritual nature of man, as it grows and unfolds, must create for itself a more beautiful spiritual language, containing in itself one interior meaning after another, which shall be revealed as the soul unfolds in divine spirituality.

Spiritualism has revealed many of the deep and hitherto unfathomed meaning of words, which reach far beyond the highest conceptions of those who uttered them,—for men have, in ages, spoken better than they thought, and uttered grander truths than they comprehended. We rejoice that in the glorious unfolding of spirituality, that marks the race in this age, we are not only coming nearer to the angel world, but also learning how to express many of their thoughts in our own language.

We are also coming nearer to each other, and learning to express the finer notes of that music which vibrates upon the human soul, as we learn to express the sweet and beautiful music of the heart, and the disposition, marked changes in past or future life, physical disease, with prescription therefor, when business follows in order to be successful, the physical and material aspects of life, the moral, mental, and spiritual, and all the other departments of man's nature, harmoniously married, direction is given to go children and rear them so that the delicate form may become beautiful and robust. Full delineation, \$1.00, and descriptive pamphlet, \$1.00.

—Terms—First prescription, \$2.00; each subsequent, \$1.00. The money should accompany the application, to insure a reply.

MRS. A. H. ROBINSON,
Healing, Psychometric and Business Medium,
14th, Fourth Avenue.

Mrs. Robinson, while under spirit control, on receiving a lock of hair of a sick patient, will diagnose the nature of the disease perfectly, and prescribe the proper remedy. To the most speedy cure is the essential object in view, rather than to gratify idle curiosity, the better practice is to send along with a lock of hair, a brief statement of the sex, age, leading symptoms and duration of the disease of the sick person, when she will without delay return a man's potent prescription and remedy for eradicating the disease and permanently curing the patient in all curable cases.

Of herself she claims no knowledge of the healing art, but when her spirit guides are brought "as report" with a sick person through her mediumship, they never fail to give immediate and permanent relief, in curable cases, through the powers and mysterious forces latent in the system, and in nature. This prescription is sent by mail, and is an internal remedy, or an external application, it should be given or applied precisely as directed in the accompanying letter of instructions, however simple it may seem to be; remember it is not the quantity of the compound, but the chemical effect that is produced, that science takes cognizance of.

One prescription is usually sufficient, but in case the patient is not permanently cured by one prescription, the application for a second, or more if required, should be made in about ten days after the last, each time stating any change that may be apparent in the symptoms of the disease.

Mrs. Robinson also, through her mediumship, diagnoses the diseases of any one who calls upon her at her residence. The facility with which the spirits controlling her accomplish the same, is done as well; when the application is by letter as when the patient is present. Her gifts are very remarkable, not only in the healing art, but as a psychometric, test, business and trance medium.

—Terms—First prescription, \$2.00; each subsequent, \$1.00. The money should accompany the application, to insure a reply.

The most valuable present for the healing art is \$1.00, and a descriptive pamphlet, \$1.00.

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Frontier Department.

B. V. WILSON

Incidents of Our Lectures, etc.

Continued from last week.

"With them, spirit is only matter in the highest state of organization."

Will Brother Weller tell us what spirit is with him? With Freybergianism? Dare you deny God's personality and materiality? What manner of band was that which hid Moses beneath its palm? Was the blinder part of God, seen by Moses, substance or spirit? Did the "judge of all the earth" dine with Abraham on bread and butter? Is it true as Jacob says that he saw God face to face and alive, (Gen. 32: 20),—and was this God an atheist,—a man, and could not handle or throw,—"prev. ill aginat Jacob?"—Gen. 32: 24. Now, sir, is your God a material fact? Where in the name of all that is true, have you a spiritual idea, and yet you tell your hearers that "with them, spirit is only matter in the highest state of organization?" Well, this indeed exceeds your estimate, and is not as coarse, besides, our spirits are modest, and appear to us in comedy apparel, instead of showing us their nakedness, as your God did to Moses when he exhibited his back sides, for he would not stoop to the vulgar and coarse habit of Spiritualists, and put on decent clothing.

You are right for once, brother. As spiritual beings, we are refined matter, in its superior state, or highest organization; and God is a spirit, in whom we live and move and have our being, and not a coarse, vulgar, material being, pleased our day, and showing his face, and angry the next, and showing us his hinder parts, and that to some crotches.

"Christ's ascension is the highest proof of the materialism of the soul."

Where Brother W. gets this idea from, we are at a loss to determine. Certainly it is not a spiritual one, but the thoroughly Christian. We take no stock whatever in the old mutilated body of Jesus, or in his wasted blood, but in his philosophy, his teachings and his great humanity. We love him as our older brother—we do not worship him as a God. He forbids us, after his ascension in spirit life, to do so.—Rev. 22: 8, 9.

"The world is God's body—you are not a man, but a thing, a brute."

Will our brother give the authority for this statement? Remember, Brother W., you have said that we have no uniformity in our creeds, and here, for the fifth time, you declare a uniformity, wonderful, if it were true! You cannot find anyone of our writers: a sentence declaring man a brute. We hold that the kingdom of God is in man. You hold that he is outside of man, and that man can not enter the kingdom, save by the shedding of the blood of God, through Jesus Christ. We hold the blood of Jesus as the blood of Judas,—only useful while warm and in the body of the man it belongs to.

"Spiritualism is old pagan and revived."

Paradox after paradox! Much preaching hath made the reverend ass mad! Your first position is as follows:

"I do not intend to give an elaborate statement of this pretended system of modern infidelity,"—and here you declare it to be old paganism, revived. Do you know the meaning of the word, you are at fault with its meaning.

"It claims a new revelation. It has always been the enemy of God and man."

We challenge the Reverend Weller to find in the vast field of spiritual literature, a sentence conflicting with men's rights or liberties, or in which creation and formation are denied. Our God is the God of Jesus, a spirit, and they that worship him, must worship in spirit and in truth.—John 4: 24.

Your God, a material being, fully described in one hundred and fifty passages, evidences all the bitterness of a human being, as described by Moses and the prophet. He is a father to the blind, a ruler of the dead, a master of all, a possessor of all, a destroyer, who took them for his fugitive creatures, others engaged in burying plates. At another time a party of adventurous young men who saw the lights on the mountain side, and could not account for them, came over from Cold Spring to investigate, thinking they might find the river banditti that had been operating at wholesale through the various towns. The Diggers suddenly extinguished their lights and sent a shower of stones which went crashing through the woods below, filling the air with brimstone fumes. The adventurers could not take such a reception, but tumbled and leaped down the mountain to their boats and pulled homeward for dear life, fully believing the Crow Nest was beset by "legions of devils." The spirits ordered them a change of base. So they moved down below Snakehole Creek, a picturesque locality, marvelous for its exclusion, and very prolific of snakes. Again they dug and blasted. Twice they were salved by determined lives, who supposed them to be the river thieves, and they set all the country ajar with superstitious wonder at the lights on the uninhabited mountain side.

Finally, after many attempts, the successful blast was made with ten pounds of powder on Sunday night. The explosion was a whiz! It seemed as though the entire mountain had been split in two. A great ledge at the water's edge was rent, and a monstrous powder-butt exploded. Underneath there was a portion of a decayed vessel. They pulled it out and discovered a huge quantity of iron castings. It was the work of a moment. All the world was astounded. The people said, "The Devil has got hold of the Devil's own tools." And then the Devil, who had been sent to teach the Jew, the Jew, and the rest of the people to hate the Jew, and yet demand that I and all the people shall worship the God and obey the law that chose the Jew, cursed the Jew, and destroyed the house they built for him,—and whatever people or nation in the past who have accepted the religion of the Jew, have been destroyed. The Devil has got hold of the Devil's own tools." And then the Devil, who had been sent to teach the Jew, the Jew, and the rest of the people to hate the Jew, and yet demand that I and all the people shall worship the God and obey the law that chose the Jew, cursed the Jew, and destroyed the house they built for him,—and whatever people or nation in the past who have accepted the religion of the Devil, have been destroyed. The Devil has got hold of the Devil's own tools."

"It claims to cure disease. Why, the most important disease of this town (Rockville) can effectually cure than the whole of Spiritualism."

This quotation shows your complete ignorance of Spiritualism and the law of curing disease. Either of the following healers,—Mettier, Green, Swan, Wilber, Davis or Allen, have such a large percentage of success as to put to shame the best physicians in the land, than your town of Rockville contains inhabitants, and some of their cases equal anything that Jesus ever cured, and I am prepared to point out the case and make my assertion good.

But we conclude the review of the first division of this discourse of the man of God in his efforts to do away with our tests from spirit life and arguments against old and effects ecclesiasticism, the church over which he presides.

His second proposition we will consider in our next. We have sat this Reverend Weller in to meet us, and will do so again, in Rockville, on the 20th instant:

Second: That God ever chose the wicked, the here and the sinner to do his work, that is to say, the God of Moses.

We affirm.

Our readers will perceive the papers containing our review of the close we will publish the notes taken, etc.

Capt. Kidd's Treasures.

Working with the Spirits—A Series of Adventures—Grand Discoveries—Quarrel Over the Spirits—A Modest Tragedy.

From the Utica, N. Y. Observer, Nov. 21st, 1870.

The crew of the canal boat *Emma Godley*, which arrived at New York to-day from Buffalo, give a most interesting and startling account of a romance among the Hudson Highlands that has scarcely been surpassed, if indeed equalled, since the days of Capt. Kidd, and his crew.

Jerry Linigan, the tiller man, tells the following at 4:

"It was about 11 o'clock one Sunday night; we were with a top of ten other boats, going very slowly; we were the last boat; about five miles from West Point we kept close to the west shore, and had passed the up Albany boat; it was very dark, and I could see nothing but the boat and shore lights, and the dark mountains above us on both sides. At all once, there was a full like lightning, and it seemed as if some one had blighted up the whole mountain, for the rocks and sticks flew in the air, and some came over the boat. I looked around, and saw a bonfire light up. Just then three or four men seemed hunting up something heavy; then they seemed grabbing at things. Then they began to swear, and at last got to fighting. I took three of the hands and rowed up near them. They were still fighting. We held on at them. They stopped, and again began to grab up things from the ground. We went up closer, then went ashore. Lordy! what a goliath was a big piece of the rock in the sides of the mountain blown out, and a hole made down to the water. Big rocks were thrown all out, and in the place where these fellers were fighting was an old rusty iron b. x. with gold dollars in. The fellers had been grabbing them out. They had their hands and pockets full—just like the (showing seven Spanish ducatons). They said they had been digging for Capt. Kidd's treasure, under the spirits. One of the fellow's was all bloody, and his eye was blacked. He got in our boat, and we pulled back to the town. He came down to New York with us, and got off as soon as we landed. The other fellows got in their own boat—a yacht. They threw the iron chest in the river.

ANOTHER STORY.

I live up on the mountain, just a little back of Snakehole Creek. About 11 o'clock Sunday night I was undressed and going to bed, when—*Yicca!* I heard an awful smash! bang! and a big light. The night was dark. Says I, "Who's guess all West Point is blown clear up. Gosh! what a noise I!" I jumped into my clothes and started over the hill. I gidded down to the river bank, and I see three or four men or devils, or some such critters, get into a boat and go off on the river. They left a fish behind, and I dare say a goliath. I was too scared in the morning I went and I found these here (showing five ducatons, and one sovereign) among the stones."

Several ploughs on the river at the mine also say that they saw the fish and heard the noise.

UNRAVELING OF THE MYSTERY.

Yesterday afternoon Jim's Vreilenburg, Harry Tuttle, David H. Briggs and John Means appeared before General Madley B. Karr, as referee, and made a lengthy and almost incredulous statement. According to their story, last spring Briggs, who is an enthusiastic Spiritualist, had a dream, which revealed to him a great rusty iron chest submerged under the waters, close by the rocky mountain ledges of the Hudson Highlands. He put away the vision, but it came again even more distinct. He then went to a caravanserai, who directed him to the spot where Capt. Kidd's iron treasure chest was buried. He temporarily enlisted his trade—that of silver-smith—and enlisted three caravanserai, who, together, chartered a yacht, and went upon the expedition. The caravanserai furnished particular instructions, which they closely adhered to.

At first they landed at Crow Nest and took possession of an abandoned dwelling. The up stairs and where they proceeded only allowed them to work at night. In September they commenced. While digging up charts, in perfect silence, they were surprised, captured and mortally wounded by a band of United States soldiers, who took them for fugitive counter-revolutionaries, and engaged in burying plates. At another time a party of adventurous young men who saw the lights on the mountain side, and could not account for them, came over from Cold Spring to investigate, thinking they might find the river banditti that had been operating at wholesale through the various towns. The Diggers suddenly extinguished their lights and sent a shower of stones which went crashing through the woods below, filling the air with brimstone fumes. The adventurers could not take such a reception, but tumbled and leaped down the mountain to their boats and pulled homeward for dear life, fully believing the Crow Nest was beset by "legions of devils." The spirits ordered them a change of base. So they moved down below Snakehole Creek, a picturesque locality, marvelous for its exclusion, and very prolific of snakes. Again they dug and blasted. Twice they were salved by determined lives, who supposed them to be the river thieves, and they set all the country ajar with superstitious wonder at the lights on the uninhabited mountain side.

Finally, after many attempts, the successful blast was made with ten pounds of powder on Sunday night. The explosion was a whiz! It seemed as though the entire mountain had been split in two. A great ledge at the water's edge was rent, and a monstrous powder-butt exploded. Underneath there was a portion of a decayed vessel. They pulled it out and discovered a huge quantity of iron castings. It was the work of a moment. All the world was astounded. The people said, "The Devil has got hold of the Devil's own tools." And then the Devil, who had been sent to teach the Jew, the Jew, and the rest of the people to hate the Jew, and yet demand that I and all the people shall worship the God and obey the law that chose the Jew, cursed the Jew, and destroyed the house they built for him,—and whatever people or nation in the past who have accepted the religion of the Devil, have been destroyed. The Devil has got hold of the Devil's own tools."

"It claims to cure disease. Why, the most important disease of this town (Rockville) can effectually cure than the whole of Spiritualism."

This quotation shows your complete ignorance of Spiritualism and the law of curing disease. Either of the following healers,—Mettier, Green, Swan, Wilber, Davis or Allen, have such a large percentage of success as to put to shame the best physicians in the land, than your town of Rockville contains inhabitants, and some of their cases equal anything that Jesus ever cured, and I am prepared to point out the case and make my assertion good.

But we conclude the review of the first division of this discourse of the man of God in his efforts to do away with our tests from spirit life and arguments against old and effects ecclesiasticism, the church over which he presides.

His second proposition we will consider in our next. We have sat this Reverend Weller in to meet us, and will do so again, in Rockville, on the 20th instant:

Second: That God ever chose the wicked, the here and the sinner to do his work, that is to say, the God of Moses.

We affirm.

Our readers will perceive the papers containing our review of the close we will publish the notes taken, etc.

GOD

DEALING WITH SLAVERY.

God's Instrumentalities in Emancipating the African Slaves in America.

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EXETER HALL!

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EXETER HALL!

Original Essays.

Written for the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

PHONOGRAPHY.

By J. W. Anderson.

This will, as indicated by its etymology, is derived from the Greek *phonos* signifying sound, and *grapho*, to write. Considered philosophically, the nomenclature is proper enough because phonography is in reality writing by means of certain characters which represent certain specific sounds. In practice, however, the chief element which makes this science valuable is its brevity. The names of the different systems in use could just as well be interchanged at random as not. Phonography, which is a different art, founded on a similar science, is derived from *statis*, meaning close or narrow, and *grapho*, to write. So with the comparatively new system, tachygraphy, its etymology is *taxis*, quick or swift, and *grapho* to write. The names have been applied merely to distinguish the various systems. A yet particular name could as easily be applied to one system as to the other.

To the uninitiated, it is a marvellous sight to see a reporter in full practice, committing to paper the rapid and eloquent words of the advocate or lecturer. Aside from the study and application necessary, no capital is required. No influential names, no secret interviews, no nucleus of any character, is needed for a phonographic reporter. A dog-eared note-book and a few pencils constitute the "margin" upon which he operates in the markets of literature and commerce. His tachygraphy being peculiar to himself, no trouble is experienced in taking down in enduring characters, the highly extorted orations of an Everett or a Bradburn.

The use to which the art of phonography may be put are too numerous to admit of enumeration here. In the tribunals proceeding is useless. In the first place, it may be allowable to mention, comes the professional phonographic reporter. Much is the world of politics and litigation depends upon him—upon his attention, accuracy, and extent of information. A slip of his pen destroys the reliability of a case, or dashes it at once from the sublime to the ridiculous. In Parliament, in the *Corps Legislatif*, as well as in the legislative chambers of other European countries, but particularly in the Congress of the United States, is phonographic reporting recognized as a power.

All the debates in the Senate and House of the United States are reported *verbatim*. At the end of a session of Congress the speeches of all the members can be examined at leisure in the full pages of the *Congressional Globe*. The *Globe* is the official paper of Congress, maintained by appropriations from the national treasury. The manner in which this journal is conducted is wonderful to the outsider, photographing as it does, full proceedings of the previous day in the Senate and House. More especially, however, the manner of getting out the report is interesting to the phonographer. In the Senate two brothers named Murphy do the actual reporting, taking alternately sittings in the chamber for that purpose. When one has had his "turn" and has been relieved, he immediately proceeds to a small ante room, where his notes are dictated to several amanuenses, principally phonographers, who are writing for little or no pay, for the practice and study. In the House the reporters take what may be denominated "turns" of ten minutes each. They sit altogether in a room in which they will, as the *Art of the Law* circle of desks and benches, a very brief description of their exact position will be ample to this connection.

The House of Representatives of the United States is of an oblong shape, the ends being on the east and west, and the sides on the north and south. Against the south side wall, elevated several feet above the surrounding desks are the Speaker's desk and chair. Before him, and somewhat depressed in position, is the desk of the Reading Clerk; while before the latter, and still more depressed relatively to the speaker's elevation, (being upon a level with the members' desks), is the straight table of the five or six reporters, who pursue individual congresses to future generations. When a session commences, an end reporter commences also, and continues his note-taking for ten minutes. At the end of this time the reporter sitting next to the one who began, commences just as the other discontinues, and writes his turn ten minutes more, when the third takes up the phonographic chain, and so on to the last. In the meantime reporter No. 1 commences to write out his notes and re-reads his notes. If he has not been able to finish, he refers it to the next interval, and his writing falls considerably behindhand, at the adjournment, with his brother reporters in the same situation, he retires to the office of the *Congressional Globe*, and there takes time to write out backward notes. It is presumed, however, that as long hand is about five times as slow as shorthand, a reporter can write out in fifty or sixty minutes what he takes down in less than ten minutes, unless the reporter has been unusually rapid.

In the courts, phonography is just as important, as is found throughout the several states in Congress. The law in some of the states provides especially for the employment of shorthand writers in the courts. Lawyers having a large practice, with cases of unusual magnitude to conduct, frequently desire the evidence and arguments written out, for subsequent perusal. These cases, as a general thing, pay the reporter well. In fact instances have been known in Chicago where the compensation paid to the reporter exceeded that received by the advocate who managed the case. This, however, is an exceptional instance; though in general it is remunerates a lawyer who has an important or complicated case on hand, to secure the services of a competent phonographic reporter. In large cities, where litigation is constant and complex, oral arguments are frequently dispensed with, and the depositions of witnesses are taken before a Commissioner, to be afterwards examined at the proper tribunal. These "reference," as they are called, constitute a rich harvest for the phonographic reporter.

As a means of gaining a livelihood, or as a source of entertainment, phonography stands unrivaled. The writer knows a great many short-hand writers, not one of whom is out of a situation. In this respect it differs widely from bookkeeping. Bookkeepers, as a general rule, are very dependent on their employers for the situations which they hold, and when circumstances require their removal, find much difficulty in procuring another place. It is so with phonographers. They move about the world at will, their services sought after, instead of their seeking employment. In this particular class of intellectual and manual power, the demand over exceeds the supply. Phonographers are needed in the halls of legislation, in the courts, in committee rooms, in the political rostrum, in the counting room and in the printing office.

Different systems have from time to time been devised for the accomplishment of this

desirable object, namely, verbatim reporting. At a time, it is relate, short hand writing was practised with success.

In the earlier days of the English parliament, attempts were made to practice the writing of ordinary English words, in a manner as to give the method of writing the individual letters of words. Although this was a great assistance to the parliamentary reporter, it was not quite to meet the demands of the situation. A numberless present system of phonography was invented by Mr. Isaac Pitman, of Bath, England, did reporting word for word, become a still general.

Simplicity, ease, and beauty, are, no doubt, strong recommendations for this system of penmanship, but the chief feature which commands it to universal esteem, is the speed with which it can be written. Twenty-five or thirty words per minute, is a remarkably fast rate for a long-hand writer, and at that rate words are not apt to be written very legibly. In phonography, one hundred and fifty or two hundred words can be written in a minute, thus showing a marvelous gain in speed.

Persons possessing the qualification of shorthand need never have any fear about a situation. Scores of his character are always in demand, and pay from fifteen hundred to three thousand dollars a year. Other things being equal, they are always preferred to persons without this faculty. To a man, it is a capital advantage for business purposes, or for convenience or entertainment. To a lady, aside from the satisfaction of being able to write so briefly, it is a sure means of self-support, should the time ever come of unusual exertion.

In conclusion, then, every man can command the part of the phonographic reporter. It is philosophical, beautiful, brief, and eligible. It can be easily acquired by the requisite time and attention; and, whether as a master of business, or as a pastime, will amply repay the study and application necessary for its acquisition.

Written for the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

MIND READING.

Reply to Austin Kent.

Brother Kent has asked me through your paper of the 27th of Aug., 1870, how I explain the healing which sometimes takes place at a distance in persons who are strangers to the medium. I answer that all manifestations of a highly susceptible cast, can transmute their mind or certain functions of their faculties, independent of their consciousness, to patients at a distance, and then learn their condition, or even impress them with their hopes, their fears or their decares, and all of which is simply mind—reading or impressing. Mind reading and related may also be effected by spirits in the same manner of balances, or as a pastime, will amply repay the study and application necessary for its acquisition.

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I am acquainted with several mediums, or persons who are clear minded at will, who can impress each other with ideas at any distance. A case of this kind occurred a few days ago, with a friend, who forgot to tell his daughter to buy a certain article in the city, to which she had departed. Desiring to impress his daughter, then fifteen miles distant, to buy an article and bring it home with her the next day. She was at the time impressed her, in conversation with a friend in the city, but immediately remarked, "Father is impressing me to buy him an E string, for his violin, and says he forgot to tell me before I left home." She obtained the E string and when she returned, her mother asked her at the door, and asked whether her father had impressed her to bring any thing to him.

"Yes," said she, "he impressed me to buy him an E string for his violin, and here it is."

The father had identified the fact of having impressed his daughter, to be his, and as she could not believe that such a thing was possible, she made it a point to test the matter as soon as the daughter returned.

I have had the same medium to leave his work which was several hours from my office, and to me, simply by means of a mental request and at other times, I have sent messages to him by spirits who were willing to convey the same, and he has been able to understand them correctly delivered.

For a further elucidation, I will refer the brother to an article of mine upon the subject of "Healing," published some time ago in your valuable paper, headed "Christ Healing the sick at a distance," and in which I stated that, "Christ was a medium, or a natural somambulist of the very best kind, consequently he was clairvoyant or clear-minded in all his faculties, at pleasure (as I have taught hundreds of other persons to do), and when in this condition, he naturally possessed the power of transmitting his faculties to any person (no matter whether he had ever been there before or not), and when there could not only know the condition of the patient, but read and impress his mind with the idea that it would be healed, and consequently was cured in the same hour. There was also a close acquaintance with the phenomena and powers of the mind in this state, and in this way, the curing of the sick, was easily effected, and the power of the mind was easily manifested in the above case was possible, although the distance between Christ and the servant had been greater than it was, darkness, matter and space often obstructing the view of somambulists. Christ knew that the servant would certainly be cured, and said so. This is well to study the philosophy of mind in connection with the subject, will soon learn that the mind is all powerful, and when the patient is in a low nervous condition, they are impulsive, or sufficiently in a somambulistic condition to be influenced by positive minds in the body, as well as spirits out of the body.

I almost all the cases which are said to be restored by the laying on of hands, the cures are effected by faith or a belief in the part of the patient, that the manipulations or the man employed will have the desired result.

With respect to the woman who had been confined to her bed, for six or eight weeks, I have but to say, that her dressing and going down stairs, was simply the result of the effect she made in consequence of a belief which the conversation with Mr. Kent induced.

From what Brother Kent has said in the last paragraph of his article, I fear that he is himself a victim to false impressions, which the animal magnetic theory has fastened upon him, as well as upon all mediums who adhered to that fallacious and most pernicious doctrine. I have cured hundreds of cases simply by instruction, and did not believe that it was needful to say that I should take the disease of the one I treated upon myself. I have never felt or been ill since I did, and I am satisfied that if brother Kent would but the idea of an animal-magnetic influence, or that there is a necessity for taking upon himself the disease of others, that the disease which now afflict him would depart with the idea, and in conclusion, I would say to him no, the same principle which he urged in the case of the woman, brace your nerves and come out of your condition. Make the necessary effort and I know you can accomplish it.

W. B. FANNETTICK.

EDINBURGH, SCOTLAND.

Correspondence in Brief.

Oranges, Ill.—Mrs. M. G. Passy writes.—Please find enclosed an order for three dollars, which ought to have been sent sooner, to renew my subscription for another year. Yours, Nov. 15th.

I have read your paper, "Search after God," with an interest in excess as though all my hope of happiness in this life and in that hereafter depended upon your decision. You have knocked down all the other proofs of my orthodoxy fail, and if you take away my G. D., too, I am left with nothing but a question. I still feel like letting go all my faith in spiritualism. May the angels of wisdom guide you, and direct you aright in all you say hereafter on this most momentous subject.

Fairmount, Ind.—J. B. Swarren writes.—After my respects to you, I would say that I like your paper very much, and am sorry I cannot take it any longer than this year. Am sixty seven years old, a poor man, and not able to work. I may be able to pay you for this time this year is out. Your "Search after God" is the best paper I have seen of the paper for one year. I would like a copy of it published in pamphlet form. Have given away several of the first numbers that had it in the reason why I want it published in pamphlet form.

Rochelle, Ill.—U. B. Smith writes.—Please accept the enclosed two dollars. I being all I can send now, and think I owe you for the paper since November 1st, 1869, when I paid you more money to pay for some more. I have had no more money since my children's mouths. Am trying to farm for a living. The drought ruined my crops this year so that I have no grain to sell, and have six small children. My health is poor, but you have been kind in sending me your paper, that I thought I must send you some. I would like a pamphlet of your paper for ten times its cost, but circumstances over which I have no control, prevent me from doing as I would like to. May the God that you are searching after and his holy angels assist you in your noble work for humanity, is the prayer of your friend.

Thank you, brother. We will wait on you with pleasure. A good mother, in spirit-life for many years, stands by our side, and admonishes us that in our childhood days we were poor, and often keenly felt the need of a little credit to help over a season of unusual hard times. "A half loaf is better than no bread."

Geneva, Ill.—R. B. Bicknell writes.—I did intend to discontinue the paper for a time, but we do not know when we will be able to do so, and we want to see the end of the "Search after God." I will place and enclose one dollar, which you will willfully accept.

Dear Geneva, Nov. 1.—D. Daniels writes.—I hope you will read my letter far enough to discover that it is penned with the warmest gratitude and friendship for you, for this pleasure and satisfaction I have received in perusing your able editorials, especially the "Search after God."

Autin Kent writes.—I had a big laugh over your last "Search after God," and congratulated myself on having escaped from the orthodox ministry before they were imprisoned as heretics for God's good behavior. I am sure you will excuse me for saying so much. I believe in the "Search after God" I cannot say I do. I am an exception among Spiritualists. Most of the literature which is history to you, is only a more or less rich novel to me. In your "Search" we have surely got the richness of the novel, and yet it is to come.

Omaha City, Neb.—W. L. Gray writes.—Six months more have rolled around;—the end of your paper, which is so welcome to my home. The papers have all come regular, except one, we have had no No. 10 of the "Search after God" I cannot say I do. I am an exception among Spiritualists. Most of the literature which is history to you, is only a more or less rich novel to me. In your "Search" we have surely got the richness of the novel, and yet it is to come.

Salt Lake City.—Walter Maudell writes.—Allow me to suggest to you the benefit, I believe, of a "necessity" publishing in pamphlet form, the lengthy article that has been running through the paper, which is entitled, "A Search after God." I am sure you will excuse me for saying so much. I believe in the "Search after God" I cannot say I do. I am an exception among Spiritualists. Most of the literature which is history to you, is only a more or less rich novel to me. In your "Search" we have surely got the richness of the novel, and yet it is to come.

Quincy, Ill.—M. H. Hopper writes.—Enclosed please and enclose for the JOURNAL number 22, volume 1, I made a mistake in the number, as it is to my memory number that contained the "Search after God," for it marks to me where you will find it.

Madison, Wis.—D. F. Blackburn writes.—I read with very great interest your "Search after God," and trust you will make it go plain.

Enclosed are last year's and that the world as a man, are shrouded in darkness.

Madison, Wis.—D. F. H. Hopper writes.—The paper comes with credit with matin, and are unable to live without it. Like the sun, it sheds light upon the people who are living in darkness. The light of Haddockism must always abide wherever its rays penetrate. Your "Search after God" creates the most intense interest.

Alton, Ill.—Ralph E. Hunter writes.—After waiting some time, I at last sent you two dollars to apply on my subscription, which ended the 13th of June last. To take great pleasure in reading the paper. The "Search after God" is indeed the best I ever read. I am sure that the people needed such, and am confident that it will be of much benefit to all who read it, and hope the influence will extend beyond the readers of that excellent writing. Would be glad to see it in book form. Mrs. Wixson speaks the sentiments of all truly spiritual people, and is glad to see the plot of E. V. Wilson, so completely outdone by the ascended person, Mr. Haddock, and hope to hear of good success in the coming debate of Dr. Usher. I hope that you may show to humanity the true deity, lead them out of their error, and show them the truth.

Providence, Utah.—George E. Langley writes.—It is quite a disappointment to us when the paper does not arrive safe, as we are delighted with it, especially the "Search after God."

Salem, Oregon.—W. L. Lawson writes.—Your "Search after God" is well spoken of by Spiritualists here. G. H. after him. H. has been a my long enough.

Blacksburg, Ill.—A. P. Duke writes.—I must say your "Search after God" has brought a new subscriber here, and is causing quite a sensation among the dry houses in this place. Some who would not listen to any other leading towards Spiritualism, have been converted, and are now passing through the teaching of your paper. You may expect several subscribers are long from here. I beg leave to say that I am elated with your references to the Salem witchcraft, it is just what I have been wanting for years, but did not know where to find it. It is to be sure, only an abstract of the history of the Salem witchcraft, but still that, when we look back down the road, in which the church is traveling—for we see strewed all along that road, blood and murder, rapine and carnage, from the beginning down to the present time. We can say in truth, the sky is red that it did not fall to our lot to have our existence in those dark ages.

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Blacksburg, Ill.—A. P. Duke writes.—I must say your "Search after God" has brought a new subscriber here, and is causing quite a sensation among the dry houses in this place. Some who would not listen to any other leading towards Spiritualism, have been converted, and are now passing through the teaching of your paper. You may expect several subscribers are long from here. I beg leave to say that I am elated with your references to the Salem witchcraft, it is just what I have been wanting for years, but did not know where to find it. It is to be sure, only an abstract of the history of the Salem witchcraft, but still that, when we look back down the road, in which the church is traveling—for we see strewed all along that road, blood and murder, rapine and carnage, from the beginning down to the present time. We can say in truth, the sky is red that it did not fall to our lot to have our existence in those dark ages.

Providence, Utah.—George E. Langley writes.—It is quite a disappointment to us when the paper does not arrive safe, as we are delighted with it, especially the "Search after God."

Leavenworth, Kansas.—L. P. Mason writes.—I am reminded that I owe the paper at least one year's subscription, and I have not paid it. I have more than enough to pay for any other paper. But I intend soon to pay arrears, and will then feel free to criticize your "Religious" paper. I can note a Spiritualist, yet I do not know what Spiritualism is not true. Some of the astonishing phenomena reported in the JOURNAL, world, would be quite interesting to me. Mrs. Emma Hardinge is a noble soul, and one of her God-inspired invoca-

tions does my soul good. Leads me nearer to good gives strength to my convictions, and makes me more ready to tell my friends to learn more of the sublime principle whom she calls "Father-God." How much free thought is induced this is to Mrs. Hardinge, cannot be estimated. "A Search after God," is full of wisdom, and is worth the subscription in one of the papers, besides a thousand and one gems of thought suggested in your columns.

Winnipeg, Manitoba.—Russell R. Bishop writes.—I am reading your edition of the "Search after God," and the mythologic application for the grand central divine, unfolding principle—the grand form of all life's unfolding, and waiting, like the novel reader, to see how it comes out—no one can whether the editor fully resolved it into a great organized moral personality—conclusions, as he has, in the "Search after God," are hard to undertake to say, if this shall be the conclusion of the search, that he does not see that principle as it presents itself to the science and philosophy of my mental development.

Darlington, W. Va.—J. Leach writes.—I like the paper better every week. The "Search after God" is worth a year's subscription.

Rutherford, N. Y.—J. B. Goodall writes.—Your "Search after God" has call out many minds and deep thought, and I wonder if it may not evolve new views of the great intelligent power who has made the millions of vast worlds. Our mind is not yet fit to receive all the knowledge and moral capacities and capabilities are hidden down deep in the soul of humanity, and often wonderfully developed. Spiritualism shows men to be miniature gods.

Princeton, N. J.—L. S. Chamberlain writes.—Please do not give up your "Search after God" until the whole ground is thoroughly overhauled.

Barre, Maine.—P. Haywood writes.—I should be loth to part with the JOURNAL if any one should offer me the subscription price not to take it. It has taught me very many valuable lessons, for which I am very thankful. The principle of it is to be learned from the article entitled "A Search after God." I do not know, yet probably worth the price of the paper, in fact, money is no equivalent for the good that I receive from them.

Written for the Religio-Philosophical Journal,
THIS FOLDED SOUL.

By Mrs. M. L. Sherman.

There is a hidden germ in every human form, as it is to be hidden; a folded soul waiting for growth and unfoldment into eternal life and expression. Thus it is night, when a soul is wedged in the balsam casket containing the folded soul that was to mankind, or sorrow the hearts of its parents; and I said: "Lord, the testament of his life be to you a fresh inspiration daily revealing wondrous truths, and adding golden links to your love, due, and inexpressible," and with tears of reverence and thankfulness, the fond parents bade the little off ring, and gave him a bright young life to the great destiny that could alone shape his ends!

Beautiful was the playful act of the loving ones, and their hopes went out into the distant future, that their darling boy might become a true man—realizing their highest conception of a just and noble utilitarian. I said, "Fair soul within his form must aggregate to itself such elements as it needs for its growth; it must grow and outgrow, and thus will it change, yet ever remain in the same in identity. The soul must unfold by a power inherent, which must pass out into the inner forces of the subtle soul, the shell should split and sustain its continual growth; it must learn, that the bitter and sweet, the darkness and the light, the sun and shade, will always be necessary for the building of the individual structure, of manhood."

Yours were additional his infancy, and life a sweep, on which he traveled, haphazard, and as the embodiment of his nature, for he was a child of God, and this destined. His will will have much to consider for his life is strong, and earnest, and his spirit must be fit in that answer; and I always value the future indefinitely, not attempting to tax his divine temperament; he is to go out in the most glorious way, yet will his life be a life of trial and spirit of sacrifice, a life of self-sacrifice, that your boy will have for all the elements and organs that are his, so his identity, when he is as he battles for the right. His mind and nature is beautiful and godlike, and is wisely given him to develop a strong, healthy, spiritual nature that will not be easily overcome, and will always be a source of strength and freedom. We have need for all these, from the birth to the grave; and not one faculty is wrong or out of place, has in beautiful and divine wisdom, warring a grand and perfected wholehood.

"But," said the parents, "if we restrain not his temperament, it will not prevent the good results which we have marked out for our boy?"

"Kind parents," I said, "what is good and what is bad? Good is a principle that each must understand and practice for one's self, and bad is but secondary; but the shade of goodness, a reflection of the principle of good, is just as important as good, which would be known of God; and that your boy will have for all the elements and organs that are his, so his identity, when he is as he battles for the right. His mind and nature is beautiful and godlike, and is wisely given him to develop a strong, healthy, spiritual nature that will not be easily overcome, and will always be a source of strength and freedom. We have need for all these, from the birth to the grave; and not one faculty is wrong or out of place, has in beautiful and divine wisdom, warring a grand and perfected wholehood."

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him to sit, and giving him promises of greater things in the future. They next called for a dulcimer. He sent to Cologno and procure one. In one week they played on that. Then a drum was asked for. He borrowed one but had no drum stick. They told him to cut a broom handle in two. Did so, and they used them. Sat in this way for a year and a half without missing a single night, permitting only his own family in the room. He would place all of the instruments upon one end of a piano, and then sit down and put one hand on the other end, when they would play up in all of them, the piano included. He then began to hold public meetings, but as there was constant confusion in them, such as striking lights, &c., he gave them up, and went to farming. The spirits then told him to get a cabin, and they would play upon the instruments in it. He first made one of that, and hung blankets over the inside, and last February, he had the present one constructed here in Chicago.

The doors were then closed and locked, and Mr. Thayer seated himself on a chair by the side of the cabinet, and placed his hand through the circular opening, four feet from where the instruments had been placed. A young man seated in the audience now began to play upon a guitar. In a few moments the bells were heard, and in another moment the drum began to beat, and the bells to ring in perfect time with the music on the outside. Mr. Thayer then whistled an air, and called for the drum to keep time, which was done, the beats being in perfect union with every note. Air after air was whistled or sung by some one in the room, and time kept with them by the bells, the drum, and the whistling ball. The reveille and tattoo were beaten on the drum naturally enough to have called the boys from their tents along the Loire. A lady in the room at this moment said she saw a hand at the diamond-shaped opening in the front door, fully seven feet from Mr. Thayer, whose entire body, with the exception of his right hand, was in full view of every person in the room. All eyes were immediately directed toward the aperture, but the hand had gone, having appeared for only an instant. The guitar was next thumped, and then a lively air was played upon it. The drum-sticks were thrown around in the cabinet, the drum was heard to roll about, and the three bells to ring at once with the guitar playing and the drum beating, without the slightest motion of Mr. Thayer's body. The walls of the cabinet were seen to vibrate as they were struck by the drum and sticks, on the opposite side from which Mr. Thayer sat. The alphabet was then called over by Mr. Thayer, and "good-night" was rapped out on the guitar.

On opening the cabinet doors, the instruments were found piled up in one corner, five and a half feet from Mr. Thayer's hand, and the black cloth which had been buttoned on the bottom of the cabinet, was found unbottled, and lay in the corner, under the drum, a fact which should of itself be a most convincing test to any one, however skeptical. There was not the least possibility of collusion or deception on the part of the medium, as he sat in full view of the audience, in a room light by day.

These extraordinary manifestations through the mediumship of Mr. Thayer, will make more proselytes to the cause of Spiritualism than the writing and reasoning of a dozen wise sages. The work he is now doing, will generate and produce an hundred fold, and many will rejoice in being convinced of the truthfulness of spirit communion through his mediumship. May the good work go on. Let those who have scoffed at physical manifestations, hide their heads in shame, and sink into merited humility. As no darkness is required, only in the cabinet, and as the movements of the medium can be observed by all, the manifestations cannot be otherwise than convincing to the skeptical minds.

The spirit friends of Mr. Thayer promise that in a short time they will be able to get material evidence that they can exhibit hands and faces through the spiriture of the cabinet.

Mr. T. will remain in the city during the winter, and all can have an opportunity of witnessing the wonderful manifestations given through his mediumship, by calling on him at Room 5, 104 Madison street.

The Journal.

This number of the JOURNAL is a gem—chuck full of meat. "The Experiences in Development" contains many remarkable incidents. The essays are well worthy of careful perusal. "Phenography" by J. W. Anderson; "Mind-Reading," by Fahnestock; "Addie L. Ballou's Letter to Sada Baley"; "Soliloquies Musings" by W. B. Dowd; "What is Somnambulism" by H. H. Smith; "Strange Manifestations," by Frank Dean; "Conscience," by Max; and "The Fated Soul," by Mrs. M. L. Sherman, on the second, third and sixth pages, are all interesting. On the first page, the "Scenes in Spirit Life," through the mediumship of J. C. L. M. D. will captivate the reader. The extract from a private letter from that noble woman, Mrs. E. A. Blair, contains many remarkable facts. Poetry on the same page. On the fifth and eighth pages will be found editorial articles from Brothers W. and C. Calfee. On the fourth page will be found the continuation of "The Sister after God," and other editorial articles.

Now is the time to renew your subscriptions, and obtain new subscribers. Our paper contains food for the soul. Every liberal man should have it to read. Being exclusively devoted to Spiritualism, it is regarded as the Pioneer of the cause in the West, as the BANNER of Liberty is in the East, and to-day has ten times larger circulation than all other liberal papers in the West combined!

The BANNER LIBERTY says that "Mrs. Laura H. Hatch, of this city, the musical medium, has become so fully developed that her musical forte is truly astonishing, and that the shrillness of her voice, and the power she has over the piano with extraordinary skill, but her vocalization is still more startling. We heard her, a few evenings since, sustain the four parts of a quartette, with an entire change of voice in each part. No artist in their personal condition would venture to do this. She is a true medium, and her power to alter, with perfect ease, and in the slightest strain or effort in her voice could be detected, and when asked if such efforts did not overtax her strength and exhaust her vitality, she replied in the negative, adding that the soul rested and more quiet for having been under spirit control."

Personal and Local.

C. M. JAY, of Dension, Iowa, writes as follows: "How much longer can man be perverted that Spiritualism is a myth? Can no sane man doubt the power of the evidence in favor of it? The time is not far distant when the Church of Rome, in all its pontifical splendor, shall crumble beneath the weight of spirit power; when Methodist, Baptist, Presbyterian, all, shall worship around one common altar, built up by spirit influence and power; when all with one voice shall praise a God of love, with such power as can only come from the heart of a true believer."

—Henry C. Wright's mortal remains lie in an enclosure in Swan Point Cemetery, Providence, L. I. The following is on the marble obelisk that marks his final resting place:

Henry C. Wright. Born August 20, 1870; died August 10, 1870. The steadfast Advocate of Freedom, Peace, Temperance, and Human Brotherhood. Erected by his life-long friend, Philip Fish.

"Not his alone the task to speak
Of comfort to the poor and weak,
And dry the tear of sorrow's cheek:

But, mingled in the conflict world,
To pour the fiery breath of storm
Through the harsh trumpet of Reform;

To, brave Opinion's settled frown,
From crumpled robe and sable gown,
While wrestling reverently 'er down."

—Eliza Bellon, of Cuba, Mo., would like a lecture and text medium to call at that place, and make her house their home?

—Jason Smith, of Bennington, Vt., writes as follows in reference to Mrs. Nellie T. Brigham: "Mrs. Nellie T. Brigham was born in this town, and she first began to lecture when a child. She recently gave three lectures here to crowded houses."

—Mrs. Jessie Ruthven, a young Scotch lady of Chicago, was one of the passengers on the ill-fated Cambria, lately wrecked near the coast of Ireland. Upon the eve of leaving New York, she wrote to her husband in Chicago that were it not for being laughed at for her fears, she would not take passage on the vessel at all.

—We learn from the (Marlborough, Pa.) Morning Patriot, of Dec. 2, that the Rev. L. E. Gesham has been committed to prison in default of \$1000. He is charged with ruining a young girl, 18 years of age.

—W. Nicely, M. D., of Louisville, Ky., will answer calls to lecture on the spiritual philosophy. He is also prepared with charts to lecture on anatomy, etc.

—Mrs. M. J. Wilcoxson has been speaking to enthusiastic audiences at Marietta, Ohio. She is an enterprising speaker, and capable of interesting any audience.

—A. B. Whiting will lecture in Louisville, Ky., during December. Addressee care of Henry Turner, Jefferson street, between 22nd and 23rd, Louisville, Ky.

—A letter from Bella Air, Johnson County, Iowa, came to hand, with one dollar and fifty cents inclosed, but the name of the writer is omitted. Hamlin Fenner sends three dollars, but omits his post office address. William Ingles sends one dollar and fifty cents, but omits his post office address.

—In another column will be found the advertisement of Drs. McFadden, White & Co., Healing Institute.

—Dr. D. White, of St. Louis, proposes soon to visit all of the principal cities on the Mississippi River, between there and New Orleans, for the purpose of healing the sick. He will be accompanied by Mrs. W., who is a trance, writing and test medium.

—Thousands of our readers are now thinking about holiday gifts for their friends. Many of them will consider a book appropriate. To such, we especially recommend the following: "Beyond the Breakers," by Robert Dale Owen; "Alice Vale," by Lois Walshbrooke; "Helen Harlow's Vow," by the same author; "Dawn," by Mrs. Adams; "Rebecca; or, a Woman's Secret," by Mrs. Corbin; "The Chester Family; or, the Curse of a Dusky Apparition," by Julia M. Friend; "The Woman who Dared," by Epen Sargent,—superbly gotten up books, deserving of a very large sum.

—"The Voice," by W. S. Barlow, a book so well known that any praises we can bestow upon it are rendered superfluous. For prices of these and other liberal works, see Book List in another column.

—Mrs. E. E. Perkins, of Princeton, Franklin County, Kansas, is an excellent trance medium, and has done a good work in various parts of the country. Her husband, Dr. Perkins, is a veteran among the ranks of Spiritualists.

—H. Brady, of Manchester, Ohio, writes: "The Universalist Church in our village is rapidly approaching completion, and we expect to have it long enough to accommodate lectures from some one of the many earnest workers in the cause of the spiritualist philosophy."

—Charles H. Head has been holding seances at Albion, Ohio. About eight hundred persons were present at one of them. He has created much excitement there.

—Thank you, Brother Horton, for those extracts. Keep us posted on phenomenal Spiritualism in Cincinnati!

—There will be a meeting of those friendly to the cause of Spiritualism, at Friendship, Allegany Co., N. Y., on Saturday and Sunday, Dec. 24th and 25th, commencing Saturday evening; also a meeting of speakers and mediums at the house of Mr. Samuel Sherman, on Friday evening, Dec. 23d. Those wishing to go to Mr. Sherman's, will please address him, that he may meet them at the depot. Come all who can.

—The distinguished analytical physician and talented lecturer, Dr. Dumont C. Dake, is now operating in the state of Iowa. The Doctor will give a free lecture in every place that he visits. Friday evening, Dec. 9th, he lectures in Waterloo, and will visit at Swift's Hotel for a few weeks. Invitations to Northern fairs should bear this in mind.

—Mr. F. Vining writes from Mt. Moriah, Harrison Co., Mo., as follows: "Brother E. B. Wheeck has been entertaining the people of the Iowa, and the town of Mt. Moriah, with his spiritualist meetings, with extraordinary skill; but his vocalization is still more startling. We heard him, a few evenings since, sustain the four parts of a quartette, with an entire change of voice in each part. No artist in their personal condition would venture to do this. He is a true medium, and his power to alter, with perfect ease, and in the slightest strain or effort in his voice could be detected, and when asked if such efforts did not overtax his strength and exhaust his vitality, she replied in the negative, adding that the soul rested and more quiet for having been under spirit control."

—The "Pilgrim's Progress" has been translated into K-11.

Philadelphia Department.

C. M. JAY, of Dension, Iowa, writes as follows:

"How much longer can man be perverted that Spiritualism is a myth? Can no sane man doubt the power of the evidence in favor of it? The time is not far distant when the Church of Rome, in all its pontifical splendor, shall crumble beneath the weight of spirit power; when Methodist, Baptist, Presbyterian, all, shall worship around one common altar, built up by spirit influence and power; when all with one voice shall praise a God of love, with such power as can only come from the heart of a true believer."

—Henry C. Wright's mortal remains lie in an enclosure in Swan Point Cemetery, Providence, L. I. The following is on the marble obelisk that marks his final resting place:

Henry C. Wright. Born August 20, 1870; died August 10, 1870. The steadfast Advocate of Freedom, Peace, Temperance, and Human Brotherhood. Erected by his life-long friend, Philip Fish.

"Not his alone the task to speak

Of comfort to the poor and weak,

And dry the tear of sorrow's cheek:

But, mingled in the conflict world,

To pour the fiery breath of storm

Through the harsh trumpet of Reform;

To, brave Opinion's settled frown,

From crumpled robe and sable gown,

While wrestling reverently 'er down."

—Eliza Bellon, of Cuba, Mo., would like a lecture and text medium to call at that place, and make her house their home?

—Jason Smith, of Bennington, Vt., writes as follows in reference to Mrs. Nellie T. Brigham: "Mrs. Nellie T. Brigham was born in this town, and she first began to lecture when a child. She recently gave three lectures here to crowded houses."

—Mrs. Jessie Ruthven, a young Scotch lady of Chicago, was one of the passengers on the ill-fated Cambria, lately wrecked near the coast of Ireland. Upon the eve of leaving New York, she wrote to her husband in Chicago that were it not for being laughed at for her fears, she would not take passage on the vessel at all.

—We learn from the (Marlborough, Pa.) Morning Patriot, of Dec. 2, that the Rev. L. E. Gesham has been committed to prison in default of \$1000. He is charged with ruining a young girl, 18 years of age.

—W. Nicely, M. D., of Louisville, Ky., will answer calls to lecture on the spiritual philosophy. He is also prepared with charts to lecture on anatomy, etc.

—Mrs. M. J. Wilcoxson has been speaking to enthusiastic audiences at Marietta, Ohio. She is an enterprising speaker, and capable of interesting any audience.

—A. B. Whiting will lecture in Louisville, Ky., during December. Addressee care of Henry Turner, Jefferson street, between 22nd and 23rd, Louisville, Ky.

—A letter from Bella Air, Johnson County, Iowa, came to hand, with one dollar and fifty cents inclosed, but the name of the writer is omitted. Hamlin Fenner sends three dollars, but omits his post office address. William Ingles sends one dollar and fifty cents, but omits his post office address.

—In another column will be found the advertisement of Drs. McFadden, White & Co., Healing Institute.

—Dr. D. White, of St. Louis, proposes soon to visit all of the principal cities on the Mississippi River, between there and New Orleans, for the purpose of healing the sick. He will be accompanied by Mrs. W., who is a trance, writing and test medium.

—Thousands of our readers are now thinking about holiday gifts for their friends. Many of them will consider a book appropriate. To such, we especially recommend the following: "Beyond the Breakers," by Robert Dale Owen; "Alice Vale," by Lois Walshbrooke; "Helen Harlow's Vow," by the same author; "Dawn," by Mrs. Adams; "Rebecca; or, a Woman's Secret," by Mrs. Corbin; "The Chester Family; or, the Curse of a Dusky Apparition," by Julia M. Friend; "The Woman who Dared," by Epen Sargent,—superbly gotten up books, deserving of a very large sum.

—"The Voice," by W. S. Barlow, a book so well known that any praises we can bestow upon it are rendered superfluous. For prices of these and other liberal works, see Book List in another column.

—The sacred and holy tie of love grows stronger because it is based upon true principles, and a real knowledge of each other. We like to know each other here sometimes, but we are often mistaken. There recognition means something more than mere external perception and association, it is a knowledge of the interior conditions, and only as the spirit is truly unfolded into a desire to know and be known fully and entirely, can this recognition take place and be successful.

—Behold a vis on! Two souls loving and attached find in each other the charms of appreciation and recognition, and they travel on together through life, growing nearer each other in all the years of trial and of joy and peace. They leave the shores of time. They are in separated, but a k-11 and are realizing the sense of recognition and appreciation even while they walk on.

—They pass on, side by side, through life, and as they pass on, they are becoming more and more perfect, and at last, when they pass on, they are in the presence of God.

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Phenomenal.

From Human Nature.
PSYCHOLOGICAL PHENOMENA.
Experience in Development.
COMMUNICATED BY A. C. SWINTON.

April 25th, 1870.—Much light seen by all our circle.

26th.—Nothing more unusual save our spirit friend Dr. Buchanan was seen with great distinctness for about a minute by Mrs. Knight, whose spiritual sight seems gradually improving.

27.—The medium, Miss Shaw, accompanied by Miss Elmer joined a circle at Mrs. Stephen's, 26 Waterloo Rd, by spirit direction, and therefore we did not sit here. Miss Shaw and Miss Seven (a young girl) were entranced, and evidently represented youthful pastime, graceful poses and caresses. Miss Seven seemed to be supported for some time by the spirit friend in a sitting position, though her feet were not removed from the ground. The sweet innocence of childhood's spirit-love is to be seen but very touched and delighted shown.

28th.—C. W. Pearce present. Mrs. Knight was seen by all of us. The controlling spirits were seen by Mrs. Knight from C. W. P. and Miss Shaw, as if cold water were being poured down her back. Mrs. Knight saw and clearly identified a number of our spirit friends, and C. W. Pearce was enabled to see a few, and apparently, the whole circle. Mrs. Pearce joined us again.

14th.—Miss Shaw and C. W. P. sat for half an hour for some instructions regarding future proceedings. E. N. D. again communicated, telling us that he desired the medium and A. C. S. to rise at six in the following morning and take half an hour's walk (peacefully) and afterwards sit to further instructions, more especially for A. C. S.'s attention. We carried out our dear friend's wishes, and he requested the late rise to distract himself so much about his family and personal affairs, and to keep himself as private or free from unspiritual influences, and to trust to his spirit self as much as possible, to continue the same early morning routine, and to have Mrs. and Miss Shaw take their meals with Miss Elmer, and him self. We were further directed as to the course we should take. Ealing to day, and advised to leave Paddington (because more convenient to us) by the 2nd p. m. train.

15th.—Went to Ealing at 2 p. m., and saw a house, we were directed by our spirit friends, which was said to be suitable for a mentally ill child relative to reside in. Returned and held our usual sitting in the darkened room at 8 p. m. The light was soon extinguished, and Miss Shaw, as usual, entranced. She was then led to the piano, which she soon began to use, and continued it repeating a certain tune or lesson, and after about an hour a hand in practice she was enabled to play part of a piece. Miss Shaw had never even attempted a piano (except to magnetize the piano) has been before. During this development the room appeared exceedingly light, and forms moving in it were visible to us all, and to Mrs. Knight and Miss Shaw they were, as usual, indistinguishably clear. "Dr. Buchanan" controlled Mrs. Pearce and closed the scene as before. Mrs. Shaw seems to have seen some delightful sights of a spirit self kind during the sitting and while we were at Ealing. She stated that her husband Mr. Shaw, enabled her to see small heads and forms, by controlling her organism and impressing her to press her thumb or finger against it, the image appearing where the finger had been withdrawn. He next directed her to dip her finger in ink and press it on white paper; the following heads and profiles (which we cannot transfer from our note-book) are the result. The control was made more apparent to us by the characteristic trembling of the arm and hand. Several loud knocks were made by our spirit friends on the front door of the house at the end of the scene, and they said they had opened the door for some of them to go out. It would seem that all spirits have not the same power of passing through walls, or cannot so freely exercise it.

16th.—Did not sit.

17th.—Miss Shaw soon entranced, went to the piano; commenced practicing, and improved considerably. Much light seen around the piano, and several forms seen, but these did not enough to be recognized. Instructions given to two-thirds of the circle.

18th.—Nothing apparently remarkable occurred during this sitting in C. W. Pearce's house. Directed to go to Dr. Newton's hall in Newgate Street.

21st.—Miss Shaw continued her piano practice whilst entranced. But little light was seen during this evening, and no spirit friend spoke through her. The scene was clearly given on the piano—such as you, my, & d'you.

22nd.—Nothing remarkable occurred, though several of our spirit friends were, as usual, seen.

23rd.—Nothing apparently observable. Walked out, as usual, each morning at 6, 30, with C. W. P., for inspiration. I requested to visit Dr. Newton, accompanied by C. W. P. The usual phenomena occurred, and W. H. Harrison, who sat with us, was informed of his father's presence, and received a characteristic communication from him.

24th.—Visited the relative referred to, and took him with us to one of the parks. Our spirit friends state that, by loving and wise care, if shortly removed from his present morbid habitation, he may yet regain his reason.

25th.—Got home rather late, and our circle was broken soon after the scene commenced, by one of our mediums (Mrs. Knight) being obliged to leave us. Heard a noise for some time in concert with the notes of the piano (played by Miss Shaw), which our spirit friends said was their voice.

26th.—Visited by Dr. Newton, who kindly attended to the ailments of several of us, and went into our common room, and carefully treated me for an old injury, which he seemed to know so impressively. 9:15 p. m.—Sat at C. W. Pearce's house. The scene was a light one, and some of our spirit friends were seen by Mrs. Knight.

27th.—Sat here (C. W. P. away for a week or two) in the darkened room. An unusual grayish light was seen. Urged to see Dr. Newton, and advise him against going to the "London Fields" to heal the sick poor, in consequence of certain difficulties and dangers to be apprehended, and if he should persist in going, to do what we could to assist him.

28th.—Sitting as usual. Mrs. Shaw was controlled by E. N. D., and instructions and advice given on several subjects. The spiritual sight of Miss Elmer was, apparently, improved. She seemed to see the atmosphere of the darkened room open occasionally, as others of our circle have done whilst developing. Directed to sit for advice, regarding the publication of several lectures by E. N. D., at ten o'clock next morning (Sunday).

29th.—Sat at A. C. S.'s. The room appeared very light to all of us after the tea had been exchanged, and A. C. S. seemed to see for the first time things moving in the light. Robert Shaw (after an absence of about a month) again communicated, and infix d us that, since his last visit to us, he had visited other places, Jupiter in particular, and that the inhabitants there communicated with the spirit world much as we do now. Mrs. Shaw was controlled by him also. Went out again with C. W. P. (as we have done since the 8th, and shall continue to do till further advised), at 6:30, for inspiration. During our half-hours still we have to keep our minds passive and free from all influence save that of the spirit friends who would impress it.

30th.—Sat as usual. Mrs. Shaw was entranced, and a young daughter of C. W. P., named Florence, spoke through her. She strongly urged her mother (present) to thoroughly satisfy herself of the truth of spirit communication (Mrs. P. being still somewhat sceptical as to the identity of spirit). Dr. Buchanan afterwards spoke through Mrs. Shaw in an amusing manner, and suggested that we should sit every other night for a time. Miss Shaw, whilst entranced, was led by one of the spirits to the piano, the keys of which she magnetized for some time. C. W. P. was enabled to see spirit forms for the first time, and A. C. S. saw things moving in the light which pervaded the room after the extinguishing of the taper. E. N. D. informed us that Mrs. Denny communicated. After Mrs. Shaw had rested her spirit-self and presented her to him, he followed her, and wanted to take her with him to see his home in the Summer Land. She stated that the lower part of her body gradually became rigid; and, fearing for her daughter, who was sleeping by her side, she desired her husband not to entrance, and take her yet. He chided her for want of trustfulness, and afterwards presented himself to her as he was in sickness, whilst dying, as he appeared whilst passing with spirit friends from this earthly sphere, and as he is now. He promised his wife that he would show her the glories of the Summer Land if she would consent to be entranced and accompany him, shortly.

31st.—Did not sit. Mrs. Shaw states that she this morning saw troops of our spirit friends walking by, and that they seemed to cause a mirror to appear in which she could see them, and much else that caused her incomely pleasure.

32nd.—Sits as usual. Room became lighter than ever. R. J. Shaw spoke through his wife again, and she described her sensations as per-

sonally warm during his influence now. Previous to his month's absence she experienced coldness, as if cold water were being poured down her back. Mrs. Knight saw and clearly identified a number of our spirit friends, and C. W. Pearce was enabled to see a few, and apparently, the whole circle. Mrs. Pearce joined us again.

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14th.—Miss Shaw and C. W. P. sat for half an hour for some instructions regarding future proceedings. E. N. D. again communicated, telling us that he desired the medium and A. C. S. to rise at six in the following morning and take half an hour's walk (peacefully) and afterwards sit to further instructions, more especially for A. C. S.'s attention. We carried out our dear friend's wishes, and he requested the late rise to distract himself so much about his family and personal affairs, and to keep himself as private or free from unspiritual influences, and to trust to his spirit self as much as possible, to continue the same early morning routine, and to have Mrs. and Miss Shaw take their meals with Miss Elmer, and him self. We were further directed as to the course we should take. Ealing to day, and advised to leave Paddington (because more convenient to us) by the 2nd p. m. train.

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\$8.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.]

Truth wears no mask, bows at no human shrine, seeks neither place nor applause: she only asks a hearing.

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B. S. JONES, PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR.

CHICAGO, DECEMBER 24, 1870.

VOL. IX.—NO. 14.

Original Poetry.

Written for the Religious-Philosophical Journal.
TO MY OLD WIFE.

BY H. WINCHESTER.

They call thee old, I do not see
The features on that brow of thine;
The silvery locks look fair to me
As when I met and claimed thee mine.
Though many years have passed away,
I see no change in thy dear face;
Love's sunlight in thine eyes doth play,
Hiding the marks of Time would trace.
The weaker vessel of the two,
Yet thou, dear wife, my soul enthralled,
As sunbeams drink the drops of dew.
When thou art gone I feel alone,
The light has left my path of life,
The light of love on me alone.
From thy dark eye, my dear old wife,
For, dearest, thou hast been my guide
For more than thirty years gone by—
An angel standing by my side,
To teach me how to live and die.
God's blessings ever rest on thee,
The light around thy footsteps shone,
For thou, dear wife, has been to me
The rich gift of Life Divine.

MASSACHUSETTS.

Spiritual Gossip—Incidents, or Spirit control.—Henry C. Wright—His burial place.

BY WETHERBEE.

The knights and ladies of the "spiritual" circle, in their social customs have a sunny side as well as a night side. Being in a state of mind for the amusement, or rather the information, of those whose likes are cast in other places. "By the rivers of Babylon" (that is a proper expression) these people by no means "hang their harps up in the willows, and weep when they remember Zion," though they sometimes "sing the Lord's songs in a strange land." On this sunny occasion they sing some of the good old penny-royal tunes, the words of course being sadly inconsistent with the ideas or ethi-ics entertained by them. I suppose our planet has not been long enough in the magnetic sun for them to have their words as appropriate as their music.

I may be understood better by introducing here another thought, that of no direct connection. Professor Lowell of Yale College thinks there is a reason of a material connection existing in a large orbit around our sun, and that the earth periodically intersects it, and that once in thirty-three years it goes through the denser part or nucleus, and then, for a day or two, while in the night, we have the shower of stars with which we are all familiar. Why may there not be a stream or zone of another nature which our planet intersects not once in thirty-three years, but at long intervals, and duration, which may account for the "spiritualistic" shower of these latter years? If so, then the fabled beings that one people say, at least, in poetry, may have had a something of a foundation for imagination to embody forth in the things then imperfectly seen, the world passing out of it, as it does out of Prof. Lowell's meteoric belt. Then the phenomena becomes a tradition, and, from the nature of it, food for superstition. When the intersection occurs again what was once Olympian or Masonic may be the same old stream igniting in our day, to our eye, with the attributes of truth and beauty to some, and the reverse to others. This may not help the spiritualist's theory any, but it might account for a disposition in an age to be open or magnetic to occult surroundings—But I am weary of my text—the "sunny side" of the subject.

The distinguishing feature of this people, which you know, is "dealing with the dead," formed no part of the pleasure on this occasion; there seemed to be no disposition to call up or commune with the departed. Their habit, let me say here, of making familiarities with the dead, of living human beings, is to me the most rational and interesting. This people, whatever else may be said of them, have colored favorably the dark subject of death; they may have disturbed our notions of what is proper, but they certainly have opened on the subject a more cheerful page than was usual before their day. They may not have improved the angel by eliminating his wings, and presenting him in the everyday clothes of a human being; but that is overbalanced by saying to the eyeless-armed skeleton brigade and white sheeted phantom, the bug-bears of our youth—yes, and our manhood, to—Depart! And, speaking for myself, the places that knew them once shall know them no more forever.

Propriety will forbid my making public the doings of private life, but some whose names are public property, may not improperly be referred, to point a moral and "adorn" a tale. During the social converse and general entertainment of the evening, an interesting feature was an improvisation by Mrs. Tappan. It was announced that some one would suggest a subject she would improvise a poem upon it. A person, prob'ly referring to Prof. W. Lloyd Garrison, who was present, suggested a subject, "Martyrdom," which for fifteen or twenty minutes was treated eloquently and poetically. There was no question as to the propriety of its exception and composition, and was pretty applied to the well-known religious writer, pre-viously suggested it. In many respects spiritualists are like human beings; and, as you might

suppose, a table richly spread with this world's food was at the proper time attended to. As an ep'de in this invigorating part of the entertainment, there was a contest with nothing—no table did duty in two ways! It is the idea of some, if not all, that still linger among the flesh pots of Egypt, and the dismembered who have not parted with their mundane desires, eat and drink by proxy. Mr. Conant, who has the pen for the dwellers over the border to express their souls in the "Banner of Light," was for a while, on this occasion, during this feast, "passed over" by an Indian spirit, who treated itself with the viands of civilization, and with a satisfaction beyond what the frail form of the lady as a mortal would suspect; but she was an Indian then—which explains it.

I have always hoped that when we should leave our mortal coil we should still be able to rear the demands of the stomach, for otherwise the course of indulgence must follow. Prove to me that a dinner is essential to a spirit, and you prove also the physical wants of a stomach, dyspepsia, etc. Still there is a bright side, even then; for a spirit can have under his roof the gratification of partaking of a feast, with another's sum c'd doing all the hard work.

A series of tableaux pleasantly varied the programme. The last one took a vocal and dramatic form. A couple in Highland costume added life to their picture by singing one of the songs or duets of Bonnie Scotland; then, one of the couple, familiarly known among them as O'Barry Sullivan, came forward; but he was no longer Charley. It was a spirit standing in his shoes, who was announced as "John McDougle." This spirit, who was no stranger to many persons, made a neat speech, more interesting from its General and Scotch expression. He was easily persuaded to sing a few of his Scottish air, which he did very exquisitely. I did not perceive that McDougle's surpassed Sullivan any as a singer. It was hard to tell which of the two were the better.

When the stranger (I cannot say "spirit," in this instance) visitors from over the river thus break upon us, I had rather they would be the McDougle's than the more belliger characters of Rob Roy, R-bert Bruce, and others. It seems more like reality, and less as if we were laboring under a mistake. I'm glad Mr. McDougle has found an opening into these glimpses of the moon, and one where he can do well and favorably express himself. I have noticed, by the way, that the inhabitants of the better world seem to enjoy very much these privileges of a modern civilization. By the change we risk the majority of earthly happiness.

During this occasion, Mr. Garrison related an incident, but his experience that is worth recording. His well-known reputation as an honest man and careful in his statements make it more worthy of note than many similar experiences, which, from the nature of the subject, and the disposition of people to embellish, have to be taken, with many qualifications. This statement so impressed me that I have reserved it for the close, which I will give substantially in his own words.

At the late funeral of Henry C. Wright, in Pawtucket, the casket was laid temporarily in the receiving tomb of the Swan Point Cemetery, near Providence. Mr. Garrison had some conversation with Mr. Phillips about a permanent resting place for his remains. "Forest Hills" was thought to be a good place, where friends, travelling this way, could conveniently visit it, should they be disposed. It was visited, as well as one other place; but no lot was suitable for it. It was said, "It was not suitable for a man of his position, by the way he lived."

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Original Essays.

Written for the Religio-Philosophical Journal.
CONSISTENCY A JEWEL.

Odds and Ends.

What would the poor, independent, unauthorised, and "Poe"-etic speakers of our stripe do, if it were not for the safety valve which 150 South Clark street, Chicago, provides us in the pressure of modern inconsistencies? Walking the streets of this lovely city, to day, my eye caught a conspicuous little bill on a grocer's barrel, which read thus:

"Jarley's unrivaled wax figures! The only stupendous collection of real wax works in the world! Jarley is the delight of the nobility and gentry! The royal family are the patrons of Jarley!

I know a donkey what wouldn't go

To see Mr. Jarley's wax works show,

Do you think I'd acknowledge him? Oh no!! no!!

They go to Jarley's at the Episcopal Festival,

Some how my feelings took a sudden turn and failed to catch and counted the steps around me, all pointing upward—"the name of Christ," and then measured the import of this imposing little bill, which might grace the doorway of any small vespers theatre. My mind suddenly flew back to the time when, a member of the Episcopal Sunday School, I was taught to shun all theatricals, above all else, as an unsightly order, as degrading in the extreme.

For the life of me, the machine poetry above, did not look much like the old hymns of the prayer book, and even the sight of it seemed in separable from the memory of a banjo and the uproarious laughter and cheering which greeted me night after night in the little church under my window in Omaha, two years ago. Then look at this—"The only suspenders of collection of real wax works in the world!" isn't this putting it on? "The royal delight of the nobility and gentry!" "The royal family, etc."

The time was when the mock and lowly Nazarene was the only nobility, and instead of appealing to the people in the name of the nobility and gentry, he had only to prove his divine mission and that of his followers, by his wonderful works. Suppose it were possible for Jesus, the adored oracle of the Christian world, to come again in his true character, how many of these "gentry" these "nobles," these "Episcopal Festivals," would admit him?

In New Castle, at a Sunday School Institute, the extremely Rev. Dr. Bain struck off the main line of his discourse, to give magnesia, Spiritualism, the New York *Ledger*, and light literature a due share, having finished off the subject of the day by repeating her established name as a fine reader by repeating a doleful extract of this same light literature. Of course there was no harm in that, for the lady was to draw twenty five cents per head next evening, to assist the treasury. We suppose the people knew better than Dr. Bain, that the "right literature" of Dr. Tyndale, as stated at all is "light literature" business by writing for the *Ledger*. And we suppose, too, that the people cared just as much for his assent on magnesia and Spiritualism, as upon the *Ledger*. But now for the consistency. On looking over the report of the different sessions, I found that the teachers had been expressly charged to look up the *Ledger* in the eye, and thus had their stated purpose in the eye, and thus had their stated

I suppose Dr. Bain did not recognize the office of magnetism in this advice of a brother!

But ands from all this inconsistency in the name of "magnesia worship," for the name of Christ only connotes a desire to pray, but not to make any inconsiderate statement at every step of one's talk. A nation of braggarts "rambling" over love of true individuality—*alas* democrat—how few of us are free from the foibles of Pharisaic Spiritualists, even, proclaiming the world republic of liberty, are in the great majority, from the highest to the lowest! Of course, the world has "the only true light." Many now are ready to command mediums and spirits in the name of their own God. That medium and spirit should be left to their own influences, and to put on the great work but their own choice of conditions, has recently occurred to them as reasonable or consistent.

Many of this class have set themselves up as special protectors and guides of the mediums, and not a few must run to their own chosen ones and get directions, which, if followed, would destroy the best mediumship. Others must leave mediumship entirely, and try to get rid of it. I really don't know where there is such a difference between a living Spiritualism and a profession of it, as there is between that modern Episcopal bill and the old hymn of the Prayer Book, which is not the least valuable for being old and there:

"G'd shall charge his angel legions,

To smite th' world and redress their wrongs."

When the first friend of the cause ready to come to the work in sober earnest, and leave this "child's play," or "tyrant's rule" out of the programme, our world will be the better for it.

It is a small thing any rational medium will say, and that is, their own reasonable choice of means, the necessary condition of a portion of the time, regular hours, and their own "rule" to themselves. I meet so many workers, both male and female, who are nearly shattered, that I feel we must have a guarantee in the future, or will soon pass to the Summer Land. Too many contrive to hang up the name of a speaker; keep the world in suspense, and to put on the most trivial conversation frequently, till the house of mirth, that it is positively a martyrdom. What human have such people? What thought of the consequences?

And then this talk about "protection"! A protection which sits on our first till midnight, silencing burs and tubs in the weary hours, complaints of a brother or tub, or friend, and tub, and tub, a speaker out in their tubs, and tubs, the same old story! Good Lord! deliver us from such protection!

It is time for us to talk less and read more. People have no right to command a speaker's time for what may be learned from our excellent papers and books. They have no right to be a speaker out in their tubs, and tubs, the same old story! Good Lord! deliver us from such protection!

"Boy," say our friends, "now stop off and visit, and get rested."

They do not know that this same protection is the protection which endures. This waiting is not what prolongs, is destroying us. Modern society's make visiting a desolation. Rich food, and too much of it; late hours, and too many of them; more or less exercise; then draughts of air, and often rash from a warm room into the chill night air, with no night preparation for sleep; the "lure's sweet restorer" was not to her a soothing presence. We see only partially to refresh, to find the programme repeated. Tell us, even granting wax works and Episcopal festivals are admirable, is not a quiet, orderly, consistent and most useful public life in the cause of truth and humanity, the best way to exert our influence? We have no work now—unless upon the weary soldiers—*and* do battle with voice and pen—*to* meet the growing alliance that seeks to crush out our liberal, and institute a theocracy in our land. While the *clap trap* and men of expediency are resort to the modern church in order to get wealth and power, let us live on opportunity by bittering away our dead energies.

Let us not fail to secure our greatest power, and in the most consistent manner. How often are some of us prevented from writing on our important articles by the jealousy, avarice, and rotten spirit of society! These men have no heart for disengagement—no heart for more profession. The effort to sustain Spiritus Islam is its power and purity upon the crumbling pillars of popular morality and worth, will prove as fatal as it has been.

The order of order, system, pure food, a proper style of dress, etc., in fact, healthy conditions, for man and all others, is the great cause in our body of workers. Could we secure what is really cheap and at the command of society in this, our native land, how soon we should mark the glorious

result. But every nerve is strained to its up-then-tension in the name of later, yet, now that that which can a penny is lost, and cigar costed, and no master who swallows it! We may thank heaven that with all our power of numbers and lack of consideration or sagacity, we are not the cause of one of our own, and individual success, by just what thou art in our greatest failure. For, had we bowed to a leader or an association, it would have proved the death of that—*verily*.

Believing that mediumship is, in its purity and perfection, a lead to world salvation, this principle must be attended with its measure of penalty. But begging excuse for this lengthy article, we will defer a few more thoughts to our next paper.

Marietta, Ohio, Dec. 5, 1870.

—We, as Spiritualists.

Written for the Religio-Philosophical Journal,
GOD FINITE OR GOD INFINITE.

A Short Reply to Austin Kent, by Dr. F. B. Wheelock.

BROTHER KENT: In your pleasant review of my last (which, by the way, is no answer), I find the following language:

"I have said neither God or devil could be infinite. No more could good or evil be infinite." And further on you ask thus:

"Do you desire to impress me with the idea that our Creator and Father God is only pleased—made happy—by witnessing the sufferings of his children?"

Let us see if "neither God or devil are infinite," and good and evil are both finite entities—a kind of come-by-chance,—each a sort of special accident, floating and acting at random—is the nature of all finite things, unguided by wisdom, unerring and infinite. I know not why each might not be pleased or angry, as their finite whims might dictate. And, dear brother, it is not quite clear to my mind which you would have us understand was "our Creator and Father,"—your finite God or finite Devil? Please you tell me more, both, as you claim to be a partaker of both pleasure and pain.

And why not suppose that each can pleased—made happy—by turns, as each shall witness alternate pleasure and pain in their legitimate or illegitimate children?

Why not say that these *finite* Fathers, by mutual agreement, are plying with their children the game of "carries and pinches"—the carers for their pleasure, and the pinches for their pain, and by so doing have a good time between themselves?

But as you say "neither good or evil can be infinite," then, of course, this game will end sometime; and with it both good and evil; and so ends both you, and all mankind.

No, this is not the "worst belief." Annihilation in preference to "eternal hell torments"—every time.

But what about the query of yours found in the postscript, reading thus:

"Sympathy with the suffering is suffering per se. If you say a good life can be entirely and infinitely happy in sight of suffering, how deserve as evil being—a devil?"

Suppose we ask another question. If suffering through sympathy makes a good being unhappy, why not happiness and pleasure through sympathy make your devil equally miserable?

And in strict justice to each, why should you have sympathy for one more than the other?

If the absence of pain, from the universe is due to infinite God, then happy, he is quite as you, my friend, a kind of *finite* simplicity. And to give comfort to your devil, the evil (which you say is as real as good) all happiness and pleasure should immediately cease. Do not be hasty, Br. the Kent. Give the devil his due.

But as you wished me to be serious (as I always am), let us view your last question in another light. Is not also, so to speak, an institution ordained by God, designed, in infinite wisdom, for the good of humanity, and when rightly comprehended, as necessary as pleasure?

Does the pulling of a painful tooth necessarily make the dentist unhappy? Ought he not to be made happier, knowing the beneficial results?

Please tell us from whence can *ever* come pain and pain, if not from a fountain of infinite wisdom, guided by infinite love; not as a finity, but as a means to higher ends—to greater pleasure.

Why should not pain in us be pleasure to God,—he knowing the good to us that will come? What if the peach tree—the lid—*the least*—the buds are all bitter? The ripe fruit is pleasant to the taste and wholesome for health.

Does not this bitter condition essential to this end?

Put the human family into the crucible of this life; give to your father and mine the attributes of infinite wisdom and goodness; and to ourselves the possession of elements like unto Him; then can we perceive of an existence by law in us, ourselves, possessing the quality of infinite good—*a* God—that shall run parallel with *eternity*.

Is not this Spiritualism? Is not your position something else? We leave the reader to judge. In theory we (from experience) may disagree; but in friendship and love let us be one. It is to call out the thoughts of others that I have written this reply.

A pleasant rejoiner, by the permission of Brother Jones, will be in order.

Written for the Religio-Philosophical Journal,
Heaven—*A Fable*—By N. B. Kent.

—Heaven—*A Fable*—By N. B. Kent.

Philadelphia Department.

BY H. T. CHILD, M. D.

Subscription will be received, and papers may be obtained at wholesale or retail, 614 Race street, Philadelphia.

The Reformation of Individuals and of Society.

In a recent charge given by a Judge in this city, he uses these words. "We punish crime in the interest of the innocent, and not of the guilty. When sentences are imposed, they are for the protection of society, and not for the reformation of the criminal." To us it is as if we said of the inhumanity of this statement, he is a d—l. "Whilst the latter is never at sight of us, it is the primary object of punishment." Certainly no one will charge Judge L. with lack of sympathy in this, but we think it very righted in him. The jurist, the statesman, and the philanthropist, are far beyond the notion of society, in the elaborate and exact machinery of criminal laws and of arts, of jails and penitentiaries, and the extensive police arrangements that society has established.

They look for the reformation of the criminal as the only true means of protecting society. It is a common experience in all these courts, to have old offenders before them again and again, and in their sentences to add largely to the penalties on their account.

The subject of reform involves many profound questions. An individual becomes the victim of some habit, — I lay hold on him and with each repetition he has a firmer grasp. Impatience furnishes a stimulus, and the repetition creates a stronger demand in the system.

The will may be strong to overcome this, but the desire accumulates little by little, until at last it breaks down all the barriers that the will has been able to set up, and with each new indulgence a condition is produced which requires still more power to overcome it.

This belongs to the class of physico-moral evils. There are others which seem to be only moral evils, — as forger, thief, and dispossessor, to do foul and lowly acts, by misrepresentation of facts. Many men pass the high life and are continually borrowing money wherever they can, knowing that there is not the least probability of finding it.

There is a form of life, which preys on several very curious features. S. lies wealthy indeed, who have simple means at their disposal, have an uncontrollable desire to steal even small articles. That infatuation that opposes our fellow men and tramples upon the rights of every one, — and it is a fact that many of us are not so infatuated in this sense, that we fail to do justice to those who are not so well able to take care of themselves, and do right as we are. The courts and the government may be strong, but neither these nor individuals are strong enough to trample on the weakest individual that lives. How are we to reform all these? First, the inebitile and that class who are the victims of physical temptation. All reforms to be permanent and practical, must be the result of the establishment and growth of true principles in the human soul. Where the individual has not some foundation of this kind, it is very hard to accomplish anything.

We have spoken of the plague as a moral means of reforming the law-imperative. As a condition, kindness and a desire to win over these for good, will do more for them. Such statements as this judge would, will never reach the criminal's heart.

Surrounding in his trials from the association of the good, we place them in a condition to overcome his infatuation. It is only by close and constant friendship, that we can reach the inner depths of the human soul, and remove the obstructions which lie in the way of the growth of those principles which alone can produce true and permanent reform. The father, and other criminals whose physical appetites are not directly involved in his acts, require a different treatment, but the same education and principles. One of the common faults of these persons is, that it is not the soul, but its desire, that is to be destroyed. The principle of justice will show this a false position. Every criminal knows that kindness, even in the application of justice, is essential to reform.

We need a new code and a new administration, to fit it; based upon the law of all which subsists between man and man, and which does not attempt to remedy one wrong by committing another. All men, however criminal, have a keen sense of appreciation of justice in the punishments which are too often made under the avowal of such sentiments as we have quoted. Spiritualism teaches that no man or society has any right to punish; that God does not punish; that it is the offender who violates law, and becomes amenable to its penalties, that brings the suffering upon himself.

We do not hesitate to say, that society has no right to punish a criminal,—that the ultimate extent of its right power is to restrain one who violates it; and that only to the extent of its own privilege, and with this comes an obligation to remove the cause that has led to crime, and to make it no longer an incentive to a like, and at the same time to draw out and cultivate the good in him, rather than by condemnation and denunciation to exalt and increase the feelings which have produced the evil. In no other manner has Christianity failed to a greater extent than in the recognition and promulgation of these divine principles of love and forgiveness, which were so consistently and earnestly taught by Jesus. We believe that the violation of law always brings its penalty, and that when society consistently steps in, and with bitter denunciation and fierce vengeance, punishes the criminal to the extent of the law; the just and righteous compensation which should follow the violation of law, is in a great measure lost.

The criminal feels that society is punishing him beyond that which he deserves, and he thus crowds the voice of conscience that would lead him back to the path of virtue. When love rules in the human soul, and at divine charity and forgiveness, that glories it would receive, is ours, we shall have no such sentiments from judges or any others, but each man and woman, trying to help all and help them, we shall find a better state of things than the world has ever witnessed.

Where are We?

We may ask this question a thousand times, and the different answers which come to us, will each be an expression of our interior condition.

If our question be only as to the external and physical relations, the answer will be more nearly alike for each one who occupies the same locality; but if we close our eyes to the outward forms around us, and ask the same questions intellectually, we shall find that the dwellers in the same locality occupy very different positions.

One has polished up and brightened all the beautiful machinery of the intellectual structure, through which the mental powers express themselves and are unfolded; and with these, clear, fresh and comprehensive, he grasps the spirit of the Universe, and his thoughts are at home, as with a winged speed they traverse from one to another, and far away into space, on their own free wings, and as they go, so goes the individual.

In the domain of principles that operate in

the grand and beautiful machinery of the Universe, such a man finds a home and companion, everywhere. He walks upon the green earth, and is ever ready to hold converse with animated nature, with trees and flowers, with babbling brooks, with rocks, and mountains, and streams and oceans, because these are old and familiar friends.

Another is groping amid the most superficial individuals, with feeble intellect, uneducated, untrained, and undisciplined to "thought and action," and to the comprehension of those beautiful and divine principles which are everywhere to be found around him. Such an one occupies a lonely place, far away from that of the former, and between these two, are all classes and grades of humanity, and here, to each one, the answers to our question, "Where are we?" brings a fluent answer, and yet a truthful one, for although we may deceive others, we cannot thereby change our real condition.

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\$2.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE]

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S. S. JONES, PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR.

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Original Poetry.

Written for the Religious Philosophical Journal.

SPIRITUALISM DEFENDED.

By O. S. Poston.

About twenty-two years ago, the spiritual phenomena that have attracted so much attention and interest, commenced near Rochester, New York. Its first phase of manifestation was in rappings and knockings, such as occurred in the century at the house of the Rev. John Wesley. The curious reader will find eighteen pages devoted to the subject in the old edition of his Diary. I say old edition, because the editors of the late edition have expunged it from the record.

Strange to say, in the recent advent in 1813, it chose another family who were professed Methodists, as the medium for its operations. They were known as the "Fox Family," and several of the daughters are now celebrated mediums in New York city.

It did not come unheralded. Emanuel Swedenborg, a man of unrivaled intellect and attainments in science, whose piety was above suspicion, a noted seer, who, for twenty-seven years, had intercourse with spirits, during the last century, not long before his decease in 1772, predicted that in about eighty years after his death spirit communion would become a demonstrated fact. Again in 1810, A. J. Davis, another noted seer, predicted that, in a short time, a direct communication would be established between the denizens of earth and the spirit world.

The prophesies have been signally realized; and millions have been convinced of its truth, after the most patient investigation. The ranks are enrolled men of science and intellect, and moral character, who will compare favorably with the professors of any of the Evangelical sects of this country.

I commenced with the simple rap, but rapidly developed various other phases of spiritual manifestation; embracing the *Discourse of Spirits* who saw and described them, heard them, and rehearsed the messages they gave to others. The entranced medium, who saw visions, discoursed on moral, scientific and religious subjects, and prophesied future events while in that unconscious condition. This is spiritual writers and speakers, who spoke and wrote under a special spiritual inspiration and exhibited an ability and knowledge far superior to the normal intellect and acquirements. Again others who wrote and spoke in languages of which they had no knowledge, and discovered them to be the language of an organization.

And yet others, with powers of extraordinary power in healing disease, by the imposition of their hands, and sometimes even cured diseases at a distance of several hundred miles, I personally know.

All these phenomena have existed in the past twenty-two years, and are as well-authenticated as any other recorded historical fact; and they still exist, subject to the personal examination of every one that may feel any interest in their truth.

In all these characteristics, they have presented substantially the same phenomena described by St. Paul in the chap. 12 of Corinthians, as spiritual gifts and which he recommends shall be cultivated and cultivated. (See entire chapter)

They, the spirits so communicating, have taught doctrines and moral precepts as sound and pure as those presented by any of the five hundred religions that prevail on the globe; and while they ignore religious ceremonies and shadowy creeds, they regard "truth, justice and mercy, as the weightier matters of the law."

I make these remarks as preliminary to a notice of, and a brief response to, two sermons preached in the past fortnight, by Mr. Hopper of Louisville and President Williams of Herringsburg, Ky., against Spiritualism.

The texts relied on and quoted with the strongest approbation in the Old Testament, were 13 Deuteronomy 10, 20, 21, verse, and chap. 18: 10, 11, and 13. In those decrements, or commandments with the spirits of the dead, is said to be forbidden by the word of God.

President Williams said, in connection with his explanatory remarks on the above text:

"That probably of any reading by the ancient Scriptures is some such prohibition at the command of God, and for that reason the Jews and Christians universally regarded them, the spirits that communicate with mankind as evil and only evil."

"That all good spirits were forbidden to communicate."

If his assumptions are true, we should certainly make Deuteronomy one of our legal text-books, and make series amendments to our statutes. We could not pick up chips, nor kindle a fire, nor cook a meal on Sunday. We are forbidden to eat pork, and many other things taught in Christian communism.

Perhaps even the fair sex would raise a voice of protest against the enforcement of the divine law enshrined in the 24th chapter of Deuteronomy 1, 3, 8, and 4, versus, which allow a husband to divorce his wife and send her out almost from his home. Should she "find no favor in his sight," and that the second husband may like her, "if he hates her."

Regarding as honest, Brother Hopper's defenseless hostility to the Free Love notions which he intimates belong to the spiritualistic.

I would respectfully ask him if it is any worse than the Mosaic law on that subject, and what apology he can offer for said statute.

He is assert that the free love notions attributed to the Spiritualists is a dangerous superstition, and has been repudiated by the resolutions of the National Convention of Spiritualists, without a dissenting voice. I had supposed that

Laws had passed away with the inauguration of the Christian era. Christ certainly repudiated the law interdicting spiritual intercourse as he did many other Mosaic statutes, and taught the propriety of angelic association by introducing his apostles to Moses and Elias on the Mount. They often came and strengthened him by their advice and influence.

Paul only echoed the same sentiment of approval in the 13th chapter of Corinthians when he said the spiritual gifts therein described were to be coveted.

The great universal theory that no good spirit has been permitted to communicate with the entire body of humanity, would require him to take the Bibles as the entire book of revelations. It is only a vision shown to John, and described by an angel who says he was one of the prophets, and hence out "whom the living God dwelt."

Again in the 14th chapter of the same book, it is related, "I John, am a witness, things are heard of me. I fell down at the feet of John, and he said to me, 'Write, what thou seest in the book of the living God.'

Again in the 15th chapter, he says, "I John, am a witness, things are heard of me. I fell down at the feet of John, and he said to me, 'Write, what thou seest in the book of the living God.'

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Relgio-Philosophical Journal

B. H. JONES,
EDITOR, PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR.
Office, 187 & 189 South Clark Street,
RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE.
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Relgio-Philosophical Journal.

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5. The courts have decided that refusing to take newspapers from the post office, or from the publisher, and leaving them uncanceled, is prima facie evidence of intentional fraud.

6. Paying money to this office for the Journal, but not so much as to state whether it is a new, or a new subscriber, and writing proper names plainly.

7. All letters and communications should be addressed to B. H. Jones, 189 South Clark Street, Chicago, Illinois.

A SEARCH AFTER GOD.

Does Design in Nature Indicate the Existence of a God.

NUMBER TWENTY-ONE.

We left the Hallstone, in a previous article, holding a very interesting conversation with a Philosopher who was searching after God, and we are willing to admit that the ideas herein advanced are calculated to greatly perplex us, for they seem to abolish all supervising intelligence in Nature. We see the blind sun, deaf atmosphere, and thoughtless water, uniting their energies, and producing a perfect sphere, which bears evidence of a design—not to us as great an extent, perhaps, as many works of art, yet enough to indicate a Designer. But the assertion will be made that these elements are controlled by God; that behind them, or impregnated them, is God. Is.

Now we desire to carry on the dialogue still farther between the elements and the Philosopher, in regard to this matter.

Philosopher.—I am willing to admit that your argument is ingenious, and your conclusions seemingly true. I desire to read to you from "Anubis," by Andrew Jackson Davis. There are truths advanced therein that you will be unable to refute.

Hallstone.—Proceed.

Philosopher.—I read from the 217th page as follows: "I survey my right hand; it has five fingers. I look at my left; it has five also. There is another member of an algebraic equation. This is singular. I turn down to each foot, and on each behold five toes. There is an other equation. This is still more singular. I then think of my bodily senses; there are five again. The wonder is increasing. And now all the millions of my fellow men rise up before the mind's eye—and in rapid succession. I look at the countless millions of millions that have lived and died past along the great world stage, in the view of astonished meditation; and they all, with unimportant exceptions, possess the miraculous five fingers on each hand, five toes on each foot, and glorious five senses. This is not a God-announcing me, rather, it is his own reason itself a dream, and all truth a worthless fiction."

But let me apply to myself the rigorous doctrine of the calculation of chances, let it stand; my judgment to be deceived by undue exaltation of the organ of wonder.

In this calculation of chances, let me bear in mind an ingenious remark of Arcibishop Whately, that the probability of any *apparition* is not to be estimated by itself, singly, but by means of a comparison with each of its alternatives.

"Now there are but two suppositions possible, as to this mysterious combination in the human organism, by which the number five is five times repeated, not only in myself, but it is all the myriad of mankind. For those who do not know, there must be a Cause; and that Cause, whatever may be its nature, and by whatever name you see fit to express it, exists, but it necessarily, law, order, physical force, or God, must either possess intelligence to produce its own marvellous results, or else be the result of such intelligence, and work blindly through all its processes. There is no means to evade the force of this statement. These two are posse the only alternatives which logic allows us, for in abstract, definitive division, a perfect division and cognition always exhausts the subject divided. Every thing in the whole compass of thought, must be either a tree or not a tree; and where there is nothing that can be neither, so nothing can be both at the same time. Just as every cause or assemblage of causes, must possess intelligence or not."

"Therefore this wonderful combination of five digits is produced by either a *real* Cause or one wholly irrational—by a Cause that can perceive the relations of number or otherwise—in fact, by a Cause that can count, or one that cannot count five, or any other numerical amount whatsoever."

"Let me now assume the first alternative. If the Cause that arranged the relations of my several organs be sufficiently intelligent to understand the mathematical harmonic, then all is

luminous. There is no chance to be calculated again at their production, since he who comprehends the relations of number, can, of course, evolve such relations to any extent, and indefinitely, nay, indefinitely, if he be granted to be infinite himself."

"Let me now take up the only remaining alternative which the given case permits."

"I will assume that the Cause, call it what you please, which produced this even combination of five on my hands, feet, and in my corporeal sense, be not mathematical mind at all, but an unconscious force—what, on such a supposition, are the chances against one single combination of five in a pair? Let the fixed laws of eternal mathematics answer the question. Suppose we had two dice with five faces each, marked in arithmetical order, one, two, three, four, five; we shake them in a box—what are the chances against turning up the number five in each? Every gamer will answer, the chances against such a result are just twenty-five, the square of the number of ways in which two separate series of five can possibly be arranged."

"Applying this analysis to the given case of the human organism. If the Cause which made me, be indeed destitute of mathematical reason, the chances against my possessing five fingers on each hand are twenty-five; and the five toes on each foot, and the chances are six hundred and twenty-five; and the incorporate into the calculation the five senses, and the chances are three thousand one hundred and twenty-five. Let me now get a larger sheet, for the full flow of infinite numbers is fast pouring upon me. Now calculate the chances against this number of five in two men; they will be the enormous sum of one million seven hundred and sixty-five thousand seven hundred and twenty-five. Then calculate the chances for four men like myself. They will be the square of the last number, and so on forever. But the infinite sum, overpower all the most magnificent processes of our algebra, and no legitimate abbreviations can aid us to grasp what such a sum stretches into immensity."

"The attempt to apply the calculus to all the innumerable millions of mankind now living, and all that have lived and passed away, were as idle as to essay the enumeration of subatomic subatomic during a six centuries of solar years. The algebra of an archangel, with infinite space for his balance sheet, and eternity for the period of solution, would be but little understood by any. I grew from that number, am in one sense a growth. No God ever formed me. I was once soft; I am now hard. I could once nourish plants, now I can only freeze them. I tell you the elements unite to form the flower of which this eminent writer speaks. This tendency is inherent in them. That tendency can not see, hear, smell, or think, any more than the cloud, out of which I was formed. You may say God gave to matter this tendency. That would imply the absolute creation of some thing, which is impossible. The water, the atmosphere and sun, unite to form me. None of the rest of the elements interfere. We possess an affinity for each other. Two negatives repel—they can not unite to form anything."

"Now how does the earth form the flower? Simply by crystals in a uniting that have an affinity for each other. They are formed on precisely the same principle that I am, the hailstone. Now, Brother Davis argues that nothing but intelligence to conceive could have made all things. In regard to the inherent properties of matter, I know nothing. This change from a mist to a solid substance, such as you see, is as miraculous as the growth of a flower. View me! I enter into all conditions of animal and vegetable life."

"I am not the atheist, before he dare argue in this argument, to refresh his memory, with the doctrine of the calculation of chance, in his favorite *La Place*, or, at least, to look in his common anthropos. Now, as you know, how very profound, with Fichte, Hegel, & other German mystics, all avail him in such an inquiry as the present.

"In relation to my single self I might pursue the subject much further. Throughout all the members of my body there runs a wondrous duality—in my eyes, arms, hands, feet, ribs, and the convolutions of the brain, where each number balances each other.

"The simple question that settles the controversy on its true basis is this: Could any cause without the intellect to perceive, the reason to count, produce all these various equations? Shrink not, I beseech thee, O, my brother! The infinite hopes hang upon it, and all time and eternity—the life everlasting, and the love dearer than life itself. Fly not for refuge to barren logomachies. It will not thus be resolved. Answer me not that the so are only the effects of law! Say not, with Ralph Waldo Emerson (who thus responded when I presented the demonstration in private conversation), that it is of the *order* which does all this! That is no solution of the problem at all, but only its statement in a different form. The enigma cannot be read, by a mere repetition of the same idea couched in other words. The difficulty remains as inexplicable as ever. For these equations, this sublime, universal harmony, is the order itself—neither more nor less. Could the order constitute itself? Can there be order without intellect?"

Now refute these positions if you can. How futile will your efforts! Your logic will amount to nothing, when aimed at the *leaves* just read.

Hallstone.—His arguments are ingenious; his conclusions so nigh draw us that we are inclined to believe he's correct. I do not desire to bandy words with one of earth's favorite sons. His mind is colossal; his ideas grand; his concord well calculated to fling the most skillful logician. Now, Philosopher, I do not see, hear, feel, or think. Those forces which unite their power in my construction possess none of the attributes that distinguish humanity. As I mist I assisted in unfolding the hailstone and snowflakes; as raindrop, I give to the flower its rainbow tint; as water, I assist materially in making man. Oxygen and hydrogen united, form water, mist, snowflakes, and hailstones. In the snowflake are beautiful crystals which bear evidence of a design. Indeed, you can find ice which resembles a vegetable growth. In all conditions of life, you will find water. What is your body? Mostly water. Supposing you weigh one hundred and fifty pounds, about one hundred and twenty pounds of the same is water. I will analyze you; here are the figures:

B. H. Jones, 189 South Clark Street, Chicago, Ill., 1870.

	oz.	grs.
Oxygen	197	0
Hydrogen	18	0
Carbon	21	0
Nitrogen	3	8
Phosphorus	1	100
Chlorine	2	0
Sulphur	0	219
Fluorine	0	0
Chloride	0	2
Sodium	0	116
Iron	0	100
Potassium	0	290
Magnesium	0	0
Silicon	0	12
	0	2

You, sir, carry around upon fourteen gallons of water; iron enough to make a common penknife blade; phosphorus enough to make five thousand of the ordinary two-cent packages of friction matches, and sulphur enough to make an orthodox hell for an infant; magnesium enough to create a light under favorable conditions, could be seen a distance of fifteen miles; water enough to form a million of snowflakes, while the hydrogen could be solidified, and made a powerful weapon of self-defense. Besides that, you have within you thirty seven well defined animals, varying in size from the one-thousandth of an inch to six inches in length. You are a walking menagerie, and all the animals within you could be seen, you would become the greatest living curiosity in the world. Now, the question is, where is the intelligence that conceived all that? Outside of matter, it is individualized. If incorporated with matter, then it takes form with matter, and if essential to impart to man all the characteristics he possesses, it must be required to sustain him—hence man is nothing more or less than a part of God, and when man acts, God acts. You see my method of reasoning, Philosopher?

Philosopher.—I am puzzled. Your reasoning confounds me. Proceed.

Hallstone.—Again: If intelligence conceived all this to which our esteemed Brother Davis alludes, it is independent of, or connected with, matter. If independent of matter, it is individualized. If connected with matter, then all manifestations we see, are a part of God. Now, if God is omnipresent, he only has form as matter takes form. If he has form only as matter takes form, he then thinks only as thought is developed in man. Then God's power to conceive, is only developed through the instrumentality of man.

To be continued.

BRITISH POWER IN HAILING.—We have upon our table several testimonials of the wonderful powers possessed by spirits for healing the sick, as manifested through the mediumship of Mr. A. H. B. Black, which we shall publish from time to time as space will admit. Shall I tell it to say that all types of disease can be readily cured—generally with a single treatment performed by a sitter, as readily as when the patient is present.

A Great Wrong.
A Sensation at Aurora.

The Rev. S. A. Holt, a Unitarian minister from Belvidere, was arrested at the *drop*, in this city, to day, for an outrage of exposing his wife. The ladies waiting room was well filled with persons, waiting for the arrival of the morning express from Chicago, when the act was committed. He was taken before one of the city magistrates, and fined \$50. He defended himself before the court, but did not deny it positively. He had returned from some place down the *road*, where he had been giving a course of lectures. He had formerly been a Methodist minister, and is quite good looking. The whole affair is a mystery. But for the advice of some of our best men, he would have been lynched, as the room had many ladies in it—the wives and daughters of our most respected citizens.

REMARKS.—We have not the remotest doubt but what the foregoing sensational article, which we clip from the *Chicago Daily Tribune*, has, and is, doing great wrong to an honorable and innocent man.

We know nothing personally of Rev. S. A. Holt referred to in the article, but from our knowledge of *Human nature*, and the fact that he is pastor over a Universalist society at Belvidere, Ill., and in fellowship with the Universalists of this state, it is *prima facie* in our mind that he was guilty of no such offence as charged against him.

No man of ordinary intelligence and moral standing in society, would wantonly be guilty of such an offence. Certainly there was no inducement, and nothing to be gained, but much to be lost.

Was this legal hearing had in a corner, and was it conducted in a manner to bring an honorable gentleman into disgrace, and that, too, within a stone's throw of many of his household of faith? Where were Hon. A. R. Adele and W. D. Brady, old and staunch Universalists of a half-century, and the pillars of the First Universalist Church of Aurora; and where was Dr. Forster, the able and eloquent past of that church? Why were they not there to defend, or at least, to see that their brother, who was suffering worse, a thousand times worse, than the bruised and wounded, to whom the "G. of S. S. Universalis" ministered, had a fair trial?

The nice precedents the idea of a single friend being present to aid him. On the contrary, the mind is lead to the conclusion that he found himself among desperadoes, who were ready to lynch him.

It is said, "He defended himself before the court, but did not deny it positively." "An outrageous exposure of his person," it is said, was the charge. Crime consists in the intent. No person of sound mind can presume that a person occupying such a position, could intentionally do so foolish a thing.

We have no higher veneration for a minister of the gospel than for other equally honorable men, but we do, in the name of justice and a common humanity, protest against such trials, and against such reproach being heaped upon any man under circumstances such as are developed in the article referred to, and we hope to see the master properly ventilated in the *New Covenant*, the Universalist organ of the Northwest; and it will give us great pleasure, to see that paper in placing the subject before the public in such a manner, as to do justice, in abiding the Rev. S. A. Holt from all censure, if we doubt not the facts will warrant such a conclusion.

W. D. Hull Among the Mormons.

D. W. Hull has been a journeyman among the Mormons. He had an interesting interview with the editors of the *Salt Lake Tribune*, was gazed at with pleasure by them, and entertained in the most hospitable manner. The fact of it, he was noticed by the editors of that paper, and they have our thanks for the special favors bestowed upon him. He then visited Brigham Young, was interviewed by his wife, admired by his daughter, one of whom lavished upon him her sweetest smile, and said, "Verily D. W. H. I like you." He visited numerous families in Salt Lake City—dined with all the nobles, and was a general object of commotion. He gazed at the mountains, at the valleys, at the rivers and lakes, at the divine institutions, and was hilarious at the beauty of the scenes around him. He visited Brigham's Harem, and while some admired his boldness, others said that his philosophy was absurd, his mind erratic, his brain visionary, and in the alteration that occurred, our friend was torn in fragments, and then consigned to the burning embers of a large furnace—all of which, in one sense, is false, as our friend is in *M. W.*, lecturing, dealing heavy blows against old theology, and attracting general attention—it was his address that we referred to, which we published some time ago, and which was copied in full in the *Salt Lake Tribune*, and had a general circulation throughout Utah. Thus the *Salvo* has saved a severe shock to the nervous system of our Sister, Mrs. D. W. Hull, who is an excellent psychometrist, and saved an unnecessary expenditure of breath, on the part of Spiritualists, in the statement, "Our cause has lost one of its most noble advocates."

—Brother E. P. Wheaton, of Waterloo, Iowa, writes: "We have a good field for some able orators to illustrate the spiritual religion in our midst. The old brimstone is completely played out. Out of the six 'self-fired' pagodas in our town, only two of them, N. S. Presbyterian and First Methodist, are still standing. It is a pity to see them go. It is a glorious opportunity to preach the gospel to the people."

—W. W. Lyon sends one dollar to apply on his subscription, but fails to give his post office address.

—Procure a copy of "The Voices," bound superbly and with gilt edges, as a holiday present for your friends—only a few copies left, in this style. Price with gilt edges, \$1.50; plain edge \$1.25; postage 16 cents.

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—Thank you, Brother White, for that "clipping."

—Mrs. D. W. Hull, who is the wife of D. W. Hull, a lecturer on Spiritualism, has been holding meetings at Smith's Opera House during the past week. We learn that Mrs. B. is a very pleasant speaker, and that she has been greeted by fair audiences."

—Have you read "The Bible in the Balance?"

—A late number of the *Cincinnati Commercial* contains the following: "The Rev. H. A. Cook, of eloquent fame, not drunk on Saturday. The police at twelve o'clock found him 'limbering in the gutter of the二十四-third street, in front of Jim Mac's saloon. The reverend gentleman was lectured and discharged by Justice G. J. yesterday."

—M. G. Vander Cook will speak in Allegan during the month of January. He will make engagements for the spring months. His permanent address is Allegan, Mich.

—Brother Antis has our thanks for favors.

—Read the advertisement of Doty's Washing Machine, and the Universal Clothes Wringing, in another column.

—Prof. William Weston is one of our most prolific and successful writers. With his clear head and ready pen, he is doing a great work.

—A few years ago, a copy of the "Age of Reason" could not be found on sale in this city. Now, however, it is sold every year from the office of this paper. The world moves!

—Dr. Reiter of Waterloo, Iowa, writes: "Dr. G. D. Dako, is now delivering lectures in all the places he visits, and is doing a good and glorious work in healing both body and soul, and by his well timed remarks, and the wonderful care he uses in teaching them, he is making to teach them up, he is paving the way for a bright future. For his name already is a synonym of success and will yet be a household word, and many will have reason to call him blessed for the benefits he has, and will yet bestow on sick and suffering humanity."

—Thank you, brother, for that "Morning News."

—Brother F. W. Hatch, of Portland, Me., writes that Miss Nellie Davis is soon to leave them. She writes her address in a truce state, and then reads them to her audience.

—Methodist preacher in Champaign, Ill., last Sabbath, in soliciting a collection for the Freedmen's cause, was guilty of the following: "The steward held pens around while the congregation sang 'All hail the power of Jesus' name, let angels prostrate fall," and take up a collection." The collection proved insufficient.

Who Will Remember the Publisher?

We know we have true friends scattered broadcast throughout the world; and while we know that fact, it will be a source of great satisfaction, to have a more realizing reminder of the same, by a substantial new subscription from each one, for some poor friend, whom each subscriber must have somewhere, who has never read the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, but who would be greatly profited by a year's personal of it.

Other friends will make us renew our efforts with redoubled vigor, by making us a present of what is now out due for arrears on the JOURNAL.

We are expecting to be greeted with great友's full of letters, about New Years. Remember, this number closes the year 1870. The next number will contain a New Years' greeting. Let us work together, friends, and cheer each other's soul in this great and glorious career of spirit communion.

Personal and Local.

—Brother Joseph Baker—ing is piti and God blest him—writes to us as follows: "I am thankful to you for your kind notices of me and my condition. My health is no better. I am weak and feeble, and suffer much pain. I send you a notice of receipts which you can put in shape, and publish if you please.

Amount received:

Misses Jones, Mrs. Ward, Whigham, and O. O. Gurney, a load of col.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Wilcoxson.....\$1.00

Edward P. Foy, Lee.....\$1.00

E. Terry, New York.....\$1.00

"Charly," Hartford, Conn.....\$1.00

"Branger," Ohio.....\$1.00

I have the sympathy of many friends and brothers. I tender my sincere thanks to all for kind words.

—If you want a good common sense book on health, procure a copy of "Health by Good Living," by W. W. Hall, M. D. That book meets the needs of ordinary people, and is well worth the price.

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"The History of Modern American Spiritualism," by Emma Hardinge, with its reliable information and beautiful illustrations, is a work that should be in the hands of every Spiritualist.

—According to fossilized orthodoxy, he is in hell, and devils are putting brimstone upon him. Dr. A. P. Fowall, of Sand Hill, Ky., was being transported by Rev. J. H. Hugh, when both stepped into a deep hole. The minister, prepared to die, was saved; the gentleman not prepared to enter "the kingdom," was drowned.

—Austin Kent is not quite sixty-two years of age.

—Mrs. A. E. Mossop, of Dayton, Ohio, has been favoring the good people of that place with a series of eighteen lectures.

—Miss Mary S. Jewett, M. D., will receive calls to lecture in Vermont during January, February and March.

—Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Woodruff, whose report may be found on another page, are now actively engaged in the missionary work in N. Y.

—The Lecture Club lately formed in Boston, is receiving constant accessions to its numbers.

—D. W. Hall is still in New England, actively engaged in the lecturing field.

—The lectures at Crosby's Music Hall from the inspired lips of G. Fausto Myrick, have been enthusiastically received.

—How and Why I became a Spiritualist, a valuable little book by Wm. A. Danuska, has passed through several editions.

—The Indians have been a thousand to hold communion with the Spirit World for a long period of time. David Brainerd, a distinguished missionary to the Indians, in one of his works, gives the following: "The few times when his spirit came upon him in a special way, he was possessed of what he called the great man, (Great Spirit,) and then he says he was all right, and not only right himself, but it was right all around him, so that he could see through men and know the thoughts of their hearts. My Indian interpreter tells me he heard of the power of the powwow, and the powwow, and the shaman, of the Indians, and never divulg'd.

—The depths of S. A. leave for others to fathom, and do not protest, for my part, to know what ideas to add to such things."

—We regret to state that Mrs. M. J. Whigham is now lying dangerously ill at Terre Haute, Indiana, and is unable at present to meet her appointments to lecture, or answer correspondents. We hope she will soon recover and be able to go forth again in the labor in which she has been successfully engaged.

—"The Future Life," by Mrs. Sweet; "Real Life in the Spirit Land," by Mrs. King; and "Strange Visitors," are very fascinating and instructive books.

—The Oakland County Circle of Michigan, will be held in Farmington, Jan. 14th, 1871.

—The Charleston, S. C., Daily News of November 15th, says: "Of all the exhibitions ever presented to Charleston audiences either on dramatic boards, or in the lecture room, or in the lecture hall, last night, came the climax. Unique, to say the least; mysterious, didactic; startling, beyond a question (ask a veral nervous people in town this morning), as didable, apparently, there is no one who can describe the performance, and no precise number of persons can be named as having participated in it. For twenty years, seances and oracles have sought to unravel the mystery; yet to-day it is more mysterious than ever."

—At a social meeting of the young people of Rev. Justin D. Fulton's congregation, the other night, prizes were offered for the best oration. Some body with the Fulton-Fulton controversy in mind, perpetrated the following: "When is the Rev. Justin D. Fulton a dead man? When he lies on his bier." It was rough on J. D. F., but it was witty, and the committee awarded the following prize.

—A Revelation of the extraordinary visitations of departed spirits of distinguished men and women of all nations, through the Shakers, is a highly entertaining little book.

—Dr. Perkins, of Princeton, Kansas, is doing a good work in behalf of Spiritualism. Sunday, December 25th, he lectured at that place on "The Divinity of Christ." He challenges all christians who is the acknowledged mouthpiece of any church, to meet him in debate at Princeton, Kansas, sometime in January, on the following question.

Resolved: That the Bible, King James' Version, is an untrue author and blinding upon man.

Mr. Perkins will take the negative of the question.

—Brother D. A. Ross, of Joliet, gave us a call one day last week. He is a working spiritualist, and an excellent teacher. While at our desk he left lying there a pocket memorandum. It is headed subject to his order.

—F. N. White lectures at Goldsboro, N. C. during January.

—E. Winches' or Stevens has entered the lecturing field. His address is J. Neville, Wis.

The Journal.

The JOURNAL this week is unusually full of the evidences of Spiritualism. We don't wish to go outside of Spiritualism. Those who wish to read romantic stories, having no vein of Spiritualism in them, we refer to the New York and Boston weeklies. Those who desire an able advocate of the cause of women, should subscribe for the Woman's Journal, Boston, edited by Mrs. Livermore. The JOURNAL is devoted to Spiritualism in all its phases, and the overthrow of old theology. That commands, our entire attention, and the vigorous pens of our able writers, who wish to reach the masses, write for the JOURNAL. Our circulation in Illinois alone is many thousands, and is constantly increasing, all over the country. Not a state in the Union but what it spreads therein the glad tidings. The remarks of Brother Barret are right, when he says, "The JOURNAL will be vigorous when grey with years of toil," and "as an independent, self-governed locomotivist," and that "if another man pretends to dictate, or plots to frustrate, he might as well try to pull the ledges from their beds."

On the 5th page, the address by a Spiritualist in Dunedin, New Zealand, contains many fine arguments in defense of Spiritualism. A. C. Woodruff makes his report for New York. On the 8th page, is an interesting review of Thomas Richmon's book, "God Dealing With Slavery." On the 3rd page the essays by Dr. Dox, Fahnestock, Lee, and the address of Mrs. Warner, will all well pass review. On the 1st page will be found, poesy by Mrs. Ingall, a Psychometrist, Delano's, by the Rev. J. H. Barret, and essays by G. A. Furtach and Leon Glazier, all of which are fine. The 4th page is a reprint of the address of Brothers Ulrich and Wilson, and this week they are extremely interesting. On the 4th page will be found the article, "Search after God," and other items of interest.

Philadelphia Department.

..... H. T. CHILD, M. D.

Subscription will be received, and papers may be obtained at wholesale or retail, at 654 Race street, Philadelphia.

What has Spiritualism Done?

This question is often asked in derision by those who know little or nothing of it, and such may not comprehend or appreciate what we have to say. The question is a proper one for Spiritualists to ask, and such as we propose to answer it, leaving the sc. p. to et. j. his condition and realize that "since ignorance is bliss, it is folly to be wise."

We have no idea that we shall be able to present many of the results of Spiritualism. They will only be seen clearly when we go to the other side of the veil. We know that a large part of our life experience, need the light of the Spirit-land to reveal their true causes. We are often working better than we know, and accomplishing better results than we see or realize. Spiritualism reveals to us the operation of three great causes.

First.—The great overplus of humanity which envelopes the entire race, as a mass, and tends to unfold its spirituality.

Second.—The spiritual influences which belong to particular nationalities and which promote more directly than the rules of the different nations.

Third.—Individual influences, either singly or in bands or circles, operating upon persons in the form.

We propose at this time to refer to the second of these. Seven years ago, we received an information from our friend, Eliza W. Farmar, that in the circles held in California, Jas. T. Hopper and other prominent reformers, came, and among them the Emperor Napoleon the first, and the Emperor Nicholas of Russia. They said they were influencing the crowded houses of Europe, and especially Al. Russia, who was himself quite mediocrities, and that he was right, through his influence, so that he could be induced to liberate the serfs of that vast Empire. In the August number of Lippincott's Magazine, we find an article entitled, "The Emperor Alexander," from which we quote the following.—"When a boy of one year, Alexander, sitting one morning at the breakfast-table with the Emperor and Empress, he was observed to be leaning his head upon his hand, and apparently in deep thought. His mother asked him, "What are your thoughts, my son?" As the boy hesitated, the question was repeated, when looking up with an earnest and deeply serious air, he said, "I was thinking how when I become Emperor, I can make free all my poor countrymen, who are now slaves."

His mother was startled by his answer, whilst the Emperor turned pale. The Emperor earnestly questioned the boy as to the origin of this extraordinary thought.

On his accession to the throne, Alexander immediately sent for a man of eminent piety and honesty, as well as of strong intellect, and intrusted his thoughts and plan to him. These two in the recesses of the palace, with God's eye upon them, and with an earnest desire within them to carry out in the best manner possible the great plan of emancipation, devised and put into operation that vast scheme, the results of which have freed the slaves of all the ports of Russia. The Emperor gave up more than twice as many millions of dollars in annual revenue to himself and his family, and by one stroke of the pen liberated over sixty millions of serfs, consisting of over twenty millions of families, and now no slave or serf is to be found in all the wide domain of the Russian Empire. Under the old regime, slaves could not own land, but they were required to be freed, generation after generation, on the same land. The nobles did not own the slaves; but as they owned the land to which the slaves, by law, were attached, it amounted to the same thing. The absolute power to regulate the occupations of the serfs, and to grant or refuse their claim to redeem himself was vested in the land owner. The Emperor Alexander tried to deal justly with his nobles as well as to place it in the power of every freedman to obtain a home. The nobles were called upon to relinquish about a third of their land, to be distributed in small parcels among the emancipated serfs, who were required to pay for it in labor, or otherwise, at a fair valuation. By these wise and judicious measures, no injustice has been done to those who have suddenly and themselves transferred from slavery to freedom. Under the present laws of Russia, any one can hold land who has the industry and energy to require it.

We are to all who are in earnest, that the sacrifice you are required to make to square your consciences with the paper, is surely nominal to that which you have given up.

It is painful to us to allude to this matter, but justice demands it, and we shall persist in doing so until justice is done.

We mean to give no offense to any one, it is a matter of honest, and common justice, which all intelligent persons will admit that all who own the JOURNAL, should pay for it, even as they should pay for the bread they eat.

ings, who are attracted to each other on all the planes of their being, physical, mental, and spiritual, y. and where two individuals disc. v. such an attraction to exist, it is for them to real zo. this relation.

There is, however, a very whole mass custom in society, that such pairs should make a public avowal of the same. As you, my friends, believe such to be your relations, we have not met to unite you in these bonds, but to witness the public announcement of the "em," connect us that in a true union is to be found the highest happiness; that with such, it's trials and sorrows are divided, and its joys and blessings multiplied. Permit us to express the hope that in this journey of life, you may realize a nearer union, as you pass along towards the higher life, and helping each other day by day, find the union which now, divides, growing stronger and stronger, and ever bringing blessings to you and to the world."

Mr. Yew, said:

"Thus far, you do respect to the inner law of your being, an interpret true of the natural and divine law, and in compliance with the conditions which are necessary to the law of order and harmony, that you will walk hand in hand, so that there may be a divine union, a strong bond; that while it draws you in closer ties of love and peace, will enable you to labor more effectively for the good of humanity."

"May the angels whom we call upon to witness us in making a higher and divine bond; may the union which has this day been cemented, speak unto the world of the simplicity of a true marriage; may it speak of the divine equality of the sex, which has been such in all time, though it has not been recognized."

"May the blessings of the angels be upon all, and as we realize the presence of the dear departed on this occasion, and know that they mingle their joys with ours; and as ministering spirits, may they follow us through life, and enable us ever to realize their living presence and to walk worthy of their companionhip."

Who are They?

Quite a number of our friends are most urgently requested to examine their accounts with this JOURNAL, as they find it reported from week to week, upon the margin of the paper, or upon the wrapper, in case the subscriber receives the paper in a wrapped.

A full explanation of the manner of keeping these accounts, will be found at the head of the editorial column on the fourth page of the paper.

We, as of the matter, most emphatically recommend that you do not do this. It may not be found upon certain examination of the account, or even of the fact, and it should be corrected, as any one has been unfortunate, so as to make it very difficult to pay now, write, as a warning to us of the particular, saying when payment can be made, and we can do it, and when it is to be upon, and when it will be necessary to pay in such cases. If time is wanted, it is certainly worth writing for, and we can know what to depend upon.

We are weekly breaking the very bread of life to our numerous subscribers—most of whom pay promptly, but those who owe us large sums, do great injustice, by negligently allowing the time to pass, and then, when we call for payment, without doing anything to relieve us from the heavy burden we are constant in carrying for their benefit. A remittance (a part of it) is our due, is much better than nothing, in such cases.

We do say to all who are in earnest, that the sacrifice you are required to make to square your consciences with the paper, is surely nominal to that which you have given up.

It is painful to us to allude to this matter, but justice demands it, and we shall persist in doing so until justice is done.

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Obituary.

Pased away to her bright spirit home, Mrs. Katie M. Wood, in the 27th year of her age. She was one of earth's fair flowers, and like the summer dowers, she has gently passed away from earth, to bloom more sweet and fair in the land beyond the vale.

Calyning sleep. Death, sweet sleep! Her warfare's past; the strife is o'er; She's safely anchored in the harbor, Where death's scene shall come no more.

Her pain and suffering now are done— Death's river crossed—the valley passed; And on the bright immortal shore Our loved one finds sweet rest at last.

Ob. friends mourn not the loved one gone! Rejoice that now her spirit's free To mingle with the happy throng Around the "Summer life's" fair tree.

Let us not fear to cross Death's stream: Cheer up, and hearts, our Father's there, Willing and anxious to receive All in his kind, parental care.

MARIA L. CAMP.

Pased on to a higher life, Nov. 28th, Isabella M. Kent, the eldest daughter of F. G. and A. M. Kent, aged 16 years, 1 month, and 21 days.

In the first days of her sickness, before her friends thought there was anything alarming, she said: "I see a little boy; I see spirits passing before my eyes; I feel a hand upon my head;—which gave strength to her belief in angelic visitations to her friends in the physical form. They say, before she passed on out of the body, she said, "To-morrow I am going home." Scarcely did the sun light the lamp of day before her bed adieu to the earthly form.

Rosemary, III.

Yesterday morning, Dec. 14th, 1870, the angels came to, Katherine Gile, aged about twenty months, and carried her across the river.

"Thus one by one the links of life are broken, Thus one by one the heart-strings torn apart."

Funeral services by the writer, at the Spiritualist Hall, Morristown, N. J., Dec. 15th, 1870.

HANNAH E. FORD.

UNION LAKE, MINN.

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